



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT is President-elect of the United States, and will assume office in March next. William Jennings Bryan has been defeated three times, and in a baseball country the view will prevail that with him it is a case of "three strikes and out."

If the reader will compare the returns with a map of the United States he will see that substantially the vote of Tuesday was one of the solid South against the solid North. The Democrats carried no State in the North; the Republicans carried no State in the South. The West was doubtful ground, but outside the compact South the Democrats only succeeded in carrying three States, Nebraska, Montana and Nevada.

Men say the old quarrel between North and South is ended. But the old antagonists line up at the polls as they once did at the rifle pits. A Republican North presents an unbroken front to a Democratic South, and wins. The West splits somewhat, but mainly goes with the party of the North.

Across the border this would be considered mischievous talk, no doubt, for over there they profess not to see the existence of the old war cleavage. It is not, of course, the old war rancor that remains, but it is largely the ancient dispute over the colored man. The negro of the South has been enfranchised by the Republican party of the North, and the solid South will not have it. What solution there can be to the race problem down there nobody knows, and only those whom it afflicts seem to care. Representatives from the South in impassioned language declare in Congress that a war to the death between the whites and blacks is impending in the States whence they come, and their words are greeted with laughter and jest about in the press. Yet down there the whites rule the blacks by superior guile, by open force, by frequent acts of vengeance—by all those means whereby a superior race holds an inferior one in subjection. These means may answer for the present, but they cannot long serve.

FROM this distance it looks as if in the interests of safety it would be a good thing if the Democrats could get into office. When a political party has almost definite and fixed geographical boundaries and goes to sure defeat at every election for a generation, it may cease to remain a party and may develop into a Cause. Those Democratic minorities in the North and West, too, who favor radical changes but see themselves beaten at every election partly by forces for which they can have no respect—the crushing weight of wealth and privilege—may lose faith in the established order. It might have been well had those in the South and West who are filled with discontent, been successful in electing a radical like Mr. Bryan, who is a man of intellect and character. He would not have done rash things. But beaten again the ranks of the dissatisfied may find another leader less safe and sane, not mincing his words, but storming the country in favor of a revolution against government by and for five per cent. of the population. From this distance the Republican party looks to be too prosperous and the Democratic party too unsuccessful for the good of the nation. Nor does the map, with its solid blue North and its solid red South look well.

W. R. HEARST, the chief yellow journalist of New York, likes to upset apple-carts, and he does not much care whose so long as he can make a fine spill. Were he like any other man professing such views as his he would have backed Bryan in the Presidential campaign; instead he sought to set up a new political party, pledged to make relentless war on predatory wealth.

In the campaign just closed Hearst has been reading some remarkable letters from the files of the Standard Oil people. Of course, the letters were stolen, or they would not have reached the public, but they contain information of great general interest, for they show that Standard Oil, or if you like, a conspiracy of moneyed interests, has spent large sums in bribing the press to misinform the nation. On October 10, six years ago, John D. Archbold wrote H. H. Edmonds, of Baltimore, enclosing him a certificate of deposit for \$3,000, "covering a year's subscription to The Manufacturers' Record." Other subscribers only paid \$4 per year, so Mr. Hearst assumes that Standard Oil was "retaining" The Record, making sure of its good-will, gagging it. On December 28, seven years ago, John D. Archbold wrote Thomas P. Garasty, of New York, promising to continue paying \$5,000 for another year's subscription to The Southern Farm Magazine, and saying that he did not doubt that the influence of the journal throughout the south was of the most helpful character. Mr. Hearst has made public other such letters showing payments to newspapers, public lecturers, and public men in federal and state politics. One of the letters that will prove of most interest to the press and public was that written by Joseph C. Sibley from Washington three years ago in which he outlines a magnificent plan of action in favor of trusts and great corporations. "An efficient literary bureau is needed," he says, "not for a day or a crisis, but a permanent and healthy control of the Associated Press and kindred avenues. It will cost money, but it will be the cheapest in the end, and can be made self-supporting." That is a big proposal. His idea is that all interested corporations should put up a fund and get control of the Associated Press and other avenues of news, operate these in their own interest, supplying the newspapers with misinformation, letting the press pay for this doctored service, and letting the people support this misinformed press. Mr. Sibley thought it cheaper in the end to buy up the means whereby news is transmitted to the people everywhere, than to bribe journalists everywhere. He thought it simpler to misguide the people than to attempt to accomplish results in older and clumsier ways.

Observe, too, the cant to which he resorts in unfolding this scheme. "The next four years," he wrote, "is, more than any previous epoch, to determine the future of the country. No man values public opinion or fears it so much as Roosevelt. No man seeks popularity so much as he. Mild reproof or criticism of his policy would nearly

paralyze him. To-day he hears only the chorus of the rabble, and he thinks it is public sentiment. I don't know whether the industrial corporations and the transportation companies have enough at stake to justify a union of forces for concerted action. It seems to me necessary."

The thing was not done, perhaps, in the large and thorough manner proposed by Sibley in this letter, but there is plenty of evidence to show that small news bureaus were opened at various points in the United States about the time the letter was written, and hoaxed a great many newspapers with news letters in which public opinion was steered by means of careful misinformation.

THE daily newspaper has become an absolute necessity of our time. News men must have. Many are in the habit of saying that they do not allow the press to influence them, but what they mean to say is, that they

large city changes hands, capitalists buy it, for it is beyond the reach of others. The capitalists who buy often prove to be those who wish public opinion to be influenced in favor of their designs. We see railway companies, political parties and other interests showing their confidence in the power of journalism to serve them. Personal journalism is dying out, and it is natural that it should, since personal ownership of the press is disappearing. In the haste with which a daily newspaper is thrown together much is published that is sensational, much that is unintentionally misleading, much that is ill-considered, and a great deal that is partisan, but what if, behind all this, there existed a powerful combination in control of the telegraph news service giving a bias to all the information sent broadcast? If those united capitalists known as the Standard Oil set out to buy up the telegraphic news services of the continent, what is to prevent it?

THE prohibitionists in the Toronto City Council who tried, by sharp practice, to cut off forty liquor licenses early in the year, are active again. A plan was on foot to organize a movement to elect at the polls aldermen who would pass such a by-law as was quashed in the Courts last spring. But the City Council has decided to submit the question of license reduction to the people again at the January elections, although this was not what Controller Spence, Ald. Hales, Ald. Keller and their allies outside the council wanted. They do not want the question submitted to the people at all.

When the council made the abortive attempt to cut off licenses in the spring, the action then taken was described in these columns as dishonest and therefore deserving of success. It was described as a piece of sharp practice because the question of license reduction had not

that Controller Spence, his followers in council, and his advisers outside, should be opposed to the reference of the question of license reduction to the people at the polls next January. They are not in a very good position to appeal to the people they tried to outwit a few months ago, and it will not be at all surprising if the proposal to reduce the number of licenses is voted down by a large majority. Nor will it be surprising, either, if the men who seek popular election while refusing to respect popular opinion, as expressed at the polls, should be left at home.

TORONTO is no longer a village—it is not now the town it was when the fight for Sunday cars had to be waged for so great a length of time before it could be successful. Terrible things were predicted if cars were allowed to run on Sundays, but these terrible things did not happen. The service is a universal convenience. The city is now a large one, growing rapidly; and those advocates of restrictive measures who used to hold the town firmly in hand, and whose influence is still great because it has not been disputed, would be wise to leave well enough alone in regard to some things. It is not assumed that the advocates of license reduction will consider this advice good, nor is it probable that they will have the grace to admit that it is given in good faith. It is the habit of the local press never to run counter to those who advocate anything of this kind, lest they be publicly denounced as agencies of evil. But it is high time that a few ideas should be put forward for the consideration of those who are about to force a temperance campaign on the city. If those who are behind the movement do not believe the statements here made, let them consult with average citizens outside their movement, before they precipitate a struggle which may end in a way far from what they desire.

To begin with, it is the opinion of this journal that Toronto has in every way grown so much of late years that it is to-day unmanageable by those who think they yet control it—what may be called the Goodness-by-Compulsion Party in local affairs. As yet neither the former masters of the city nor the city itself knows that the latter has got out-of-hand; that can only be shown when the matter is put to the test.

It is probable that if Local Option were put to the vote in Toronto to-morrow, it would be defeated overwhelmingly. This is probable, not because the people approve of drunkenness, or admire the liquor traffic or anything of that kind, but because a majority of those with votes would feel sure that such a by-law would prove a failure, a burden and an annoyance.

It is probable that if a by-law to cut off forty licenses were submitted to the people to-morrow, it would be defeated by a large majority. This is probable, not because the people approve of drunkenness or anything of that sort, but because a majority of those who have votes are of the opinion that if licenses are to be issued at all, the present number is not excessive. Voters would reflect that there could be no moral advantage nor any sense in closing Smith's bar when the effect would merely be to cause Jones, a block further along the street, to lengthen his bar by twenty feet in order to handle increased business.

It is probable, if aldermen who are members of temperance lodges, are crowded into cutting off licenses without receiving authority at the polls to do so, or if they are badgered into doing so in direct conflict with the popular vote, that the result will be that aldermen who are subject to such outside influence will be regarded as unsafe men to place in control of the city's affairs. This is probable, because the city does not care to be kept in hot water, and because a majority always favors majority rule.

If the city has half a dozen fewer licensed houses now than it had when the population was a hundred thousand less than it is at present, there are many who regard that as fairly satisfactory. If the number can be held where it now stands while the population increases another hundred thousand, there are many who will think that temperance sentiment in the city will have reason to congratulate itself. There are some who foresee that if repressive measures are attempted and fail the situation may be left worse than it was found.

These suggestions are worth considering, but of course those who are driving Controller Spence on, will not have patience to weigh them. With them a thing is either black or white.

THE students did not create a disturbance on Halloween, although the police were on a war-footing and popular expectation had been raised to a high pitch. Strong detachments of police were in ambush at suitable points, but the students came not. Others came, however. Some slight damage was done in the foreign quarter, while windows here and there were smashed, but Deputy Chief Stark fully exonerates the students in connection with these offences. The damage was done by hoodlums—occasional and stray idiots in that crowd of ungrateful boys who like to hover on the outskirts of any trouble that may be to the fore, pretending they are a hard lot, a wolf-pack in quest of prey, half-minded to eat the police force alive, while, in fact, only the candy stores need tremble at their callow menace. But here and there in all such crowds lurks a stone-thrower, one who likes the music of breaking glass and who only feels safe under cover of a mob to do anything that his poor nature considers daring. It is curious, but true, that the youth who will never risk his hide, who will not stand up against his fellow in fair fight, who will never lead where there is risk, is the first to hurl, from the centre of a crowd and under shelter of darkness, a rock into the face of a policeman or through the window of a shop. It is a despicable form of viciousness. When the men of to-day were boys, they learned to know that every rock-tosser had a streak of yellow in him, was a lover of ambush, had a fancy for letting others face the trouble he set in motion, had courage at long range only—and the streak of yellow is in every one of his kind to-day. Courageous mischief in a boy may but be the expression of qualities that will make him a force among men, but for the youth who, from the shelter of a crowd and darkness, will hurl a missile into a man's face, there is no hope that he will ever count



for much. Almost anything can be polished out of a man, except the yellow streak. It stays, for it runs through the bone and marrow of him.

While the students "were good," as the police and the daily newspapers agree, it cannot be thought surprising that there was trouble down-town on Halloween. Trouble was widely advertised for in the press. Had a promoter of riot been paying for space in some of the public journals in order to draw every turbulent youth to rendezvous on Saturday evening, one thousand dollars would not have footed the bill. But it was done gratis. For nearly two weeks the promise of trouble was kept before the public. The Mayor sat on his throne and threatened. He dropped his talk of calling out the firemen with their hose, and fell back on the militia. Thus a great rumpus was advertised to take place, and every youth in the city and suburbs who was free to do as he pleased, got on his peaked cap and his old suit, and hurried down town to see if he could not get next to any fun that might be going. They kept trust with the Mayor, the police and the press. But the good thing went wrong, for the students did not riot. Not a detail had been neglected; the arrangements were as perfect as inspired folly could make them; a fine riot was assured—except that the students had not been secured for the occasion. They amused themselves elsewhere and otherwise.

No doubt Deputy Chief Stark is right when he says that too much publicity was given to those expectations of trouble which agitated nervous minds; too many threats were uttered; too much advice tendered the police. Let us not depart from our excellent practice of taking law and order for granted.

BISHOP WELLDON in an address delivered at Aberdeen said that the present age was too self-indulgent. "Men shrink from the obligations of citizenship; women avoid the responsibilities of motherhood; marriage has lost, or is losing, its intrinsic sanctity; and the luxury of the rich is the explanation of the strong vindictive feeling which lies behind Socialism." He deplored the evidences of effeminacy among the sons of rich parents, and then he said a very true thing. "I sometimes think," he said, "that it would be well that everybody should learn once in his life what it was to be hungry, painfully hungry; then he would feel more for his fellow citizens in their lack of any bread."

It is true. A man who has known nothing but good fortune, who has had all his ways smoothed for him, does not know life and goes through the world a stranger. Whatever his learning a man is not educated, does not know himself nor comprehend his fellows, unless he has endured hunger to the point of starvation; unless he has been penniless in a strange country so as to learn of himself whether he is of the kind who would seek aid of the compassionate, accept partnership with the dishonest, or prove resourceful in retrieving his fortune by means of his own energies. Nor can a man understand life, unless he has passed through a serious illness, has looked death in the face closely, has seen this world from the far edge of it, and returned to his place among men, his vision widened. Also he must have passed through a real sorrow, learning beside an open grave that the earth will in the end, reclaim all dust that is her own.

ONE day last week a reporter on The Star visited a number of the leading book-stores and enquired as to the sale of objectionable works of fiction. It appears that there are about twenty recent books that come under this classification, and, curiously, eleven of these, and the three worst, were written by women. Curiously, too, most of those who enquire for and buy copies of these volumes are women. But the interesting feature of the article is the remedy our contemporary seems to suggest. "Do the police look over your shelves occasionally?" asked the reporter, and the leading bookseller replied that they do not. Next the reporter saw Chief Inspector Archibald about it. "We have no complaints laid as yet," he said.

Members of the Toronto police force entering our leading bookstores and examining the contents of the shelves, would be a sight to see. Inspector Archibald in the act of censoring literature would surely attract a crowd of camera men.

It is to be hoped that the booksellers will clear their shelves of all questionable volumes, that the reading public will read only what is up-lifting, so that we may not have our literature censored by a blue-coat.

IN his new book, "The House of Commons, its Place in National History," Prof. J. Howard B. Masterman, professor of history in the University of Birmingham, says in his concluding chapter: "Members from Sydney and Quebec and Cape Town may, perhaps, sooner than some of us imagine, sit side by side with the members for Woolwich and East Lancashire." It is a pretty thought, and has attracted many a writer and speaker. But if such small divisions of England as Woolwich and East Lancashire were to be represented in such a Parliament of the Empire as the Professor speaks of, what an army of men would have to travel in ships to make that body a representative one! Is it not easier to imagine a development of the home rule idea, rather than a centralizing of legislative authority in one vast assembly of persons of every race and color?

That Postmaster Case.

COBURG, OCT. 31, '08.

Editor Saturday Night: 'Tis a pity to spoil a good story or mar even an indifferent one. As I am an occasional reader only of SATURDAY NIGHT, I must have missed the issue in which you commented upon the case of The King against R. L. Ralls, for only to-day, in a remote corner of a town paper there was pointed out what purports to have first appeared in print in a recent issue of your paper.

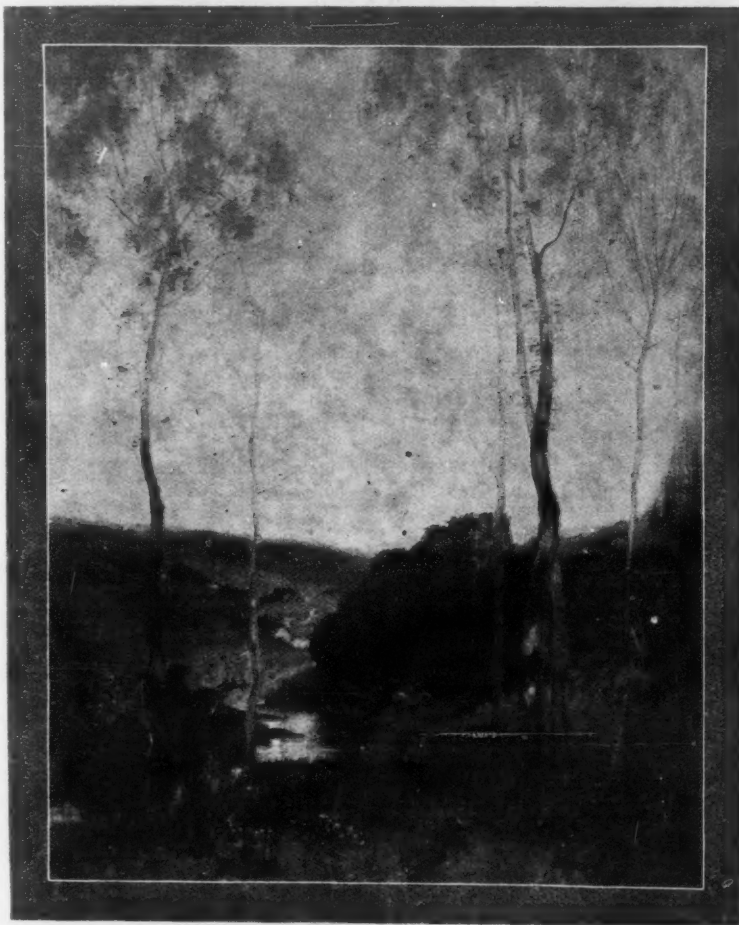
The truth compels me to refer you to the Toronto newsgatherer whose yarn served to point your moral, for an authentic "instance of how men's visions become distorted around election time."

Comment might well be made on the conduct of the mendacious scribe who would seek an appointment with and take up the time of a lawyer "with a large practice" (to quote SATURDAY NIGHT) with a view to procuring copy for his paper, and requite the courtesy by a garbled, distorted and visionary account of his interview, embellished with quotation marks indicative of the exact language used in private conversation. The Conservative candidate in West Northumberland, in having the charge against Ralls investigated, did a public service, for which he is commended in this community. He did his duty regardless of the consequence as to votes, knowing in fact that some votes would thereby be lost to him, as was the case on polling day. My own connection with the case was due to the fact that the Attorney General deemed the case of sufficient importance to justify re-

taining local counsel to assist the County Crown Attorney. Every opportunity was afforded the accused of explaining and excusing his conduct before as fair a magistrate as can be found in Ontario. He had able counsel at his service. He was committed for trial. Further comment should not be made. No one—unless it were the Toronto newspaper editor referred to—supposed it could possibly be "a national issue," or "a big thing," or that it would in any way affect the facial expression of the Liberal candidate in this riding or disturb the even tenor of Sir Richard Cartwright's way.

Yours truly,
FRANK M. FIELD.

THE open participation of President Roosevelt in the contest between Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan must impress thinking men as improper. He is setting a bad precedent, and the way he rushes into the campaign, strikes a blow, and, with an apology, steps out again, shows that his conscience does not approve his course. Mr. Bryan put the situation well when he said: "An issue of the campaign is whether I am running against one man or two. I started out to run against Mr. Taft, and on the ground that the Republicans had picked a man big enough to be able to defend himself."



ROMANCE

BY ARCHIBALD BROWNE, ONE OF THE PAINTINGS ON VIEW AT THE CANADIAN ART CLUB'S GALLERY, 57 ADELAIDE STREET EAST.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

"WELL, the 'lections is over, and Laurier's in,"
Said Paddy O'Grady to Micky O'Flynn,
"Be jabbers, thim Frinch is the devils towins;
But they naident be crownin'
For faith, we be knowin'.
If it wasn't for us they'd be losin' their skin."
"You're right, O'Grady," said Micky O'Flynn.

Said Larry McSweeney to Terrance O'Shea,
Whose bye holds a job in the government pay,
"I suppose ye are feelin' light-hearted to-day?"
"It's true for you, Larry.
For be 'the lord Harry'
Thim Tories got ather us in such a way
It med me quite narvous," said Terry O'Shea.

"Be hivins, 'twas awful," said Danny McBride,
Who happened to get in a word on the side,
"To think how thim rascals blackguard and lied;
And be all the capers
They cut in their papers
I thought that for shure they'd hev Laurier's hide.
Come over to Tooley's," said Danny McBride.

And there they met Grogan, and Clancy and Finn
A-mixin' up politics, whisky and gin,
And fightin' the battle all over agin;
For money was plenty,
Shure Grogan had twinty—

And wan thing was shure, now the government's in
A job should be had for both Murphy and Flynn.

"Jist lave that to me, frinds," said Alderman Doyle,
Wid a wink av his eye and a bit av a smile—
(Be jabbers, and isn't he dressin' in style?)
"Oh, glory av glories!
Betwane Grits and Tories,
We'll hev Home Rule fer Canady ather a 'boile."
"Here's lookin' at yez," said Alderman Doyle.
—D. M.

WHEN he retires from the white House President Roosevelt will, it is said, become associate editor with Dr. Lyman Abbott on The Outlook.

A **STAKEHOLDER** writes to ask us to answer two questions: "(1) A bets B that Conservatives would make a clean sweep in Toronto. Who wins?" This can only be settled when Mr. Joseph Russell, M.P., makes a positive statement or when he casts his vote in the first party division in the House. "(2) A bets B that the Laurier Government majority would be reduced. Who wins?" Unless it was arranged otherwise when the bet was made, the stakeholder will be following approved practice in holding the stakes and deciding the bet on the first party division after the House meets. That division is supposed to reveal the actual majority of the ruling

party—the party whip is supposed to have every member on hand or arrange to pair absentees. All the elections have not yet been held, which makes it impossible to say what the exact majority will be. In this connection it is interesting to recall the disgust of betting men in the Liberal party after the elections of 1900. There had been considerable betting as to the size of the majority, and most of these wagers were to be decided by the showing made on the first division. One night early in the session the Opposition pressed for a division and got it, but no special effort was made to show the full Government strength. The vote available at the moment was ample to defeat the motion. But next day there was laughter in the Conservative camp, for that division to which so little importance was attached, had decided innumerable bets all over Canada in favor of Conservative betting men.

ARCHIBALD BROWNE'S PAINTINGS

THE reproduction here given is a very fair rendering of the color values of one of the chief pieces in Mr. Browne's exhibition, but of course it speaks with little influence as compared with the original's rich and full appeal for sympathetic understanding of this one phase or mood of nature. One must not only see the things in color, but see them often and perhaps in a proper frame of mind to gain the benefit they bestow upon anyone capable of extracting their poetic meaning. These paintings are not subjects which everyone can enjoy; they have a vast depth of feeling which makes itself surely evident upon sufficient acquaintance. But they must be visited and it is a matter for congratulation among the artists that an exhibition of this character is attracting increasing numbers in Toronto. "Art lovers" have learned to read pictures for themselves; but the "interested ones" are continually looking for a sign—for something which touches a string in their hearts and gives them a clue to the riddle. In this connection just one of the pictures may be mentioned here, for in it is found the little combination of realism and poetry that sugarcoats the pill for us; that takes us by the halter and leads us up to the gateway; that leaves the latch-string out; or, maybe, that snatches the earth from beneath us on the edge of the abyss. At any rate, the picture on the east wall, wherein a ship is making its way through the mist, represents just such atmospheric conditions as we have experienced here on many a day this autumn. By the rule of three we figure that picture out and thereupon find ourselves able to do any sum that bears a resemblance to it. But to get all this fun out of an art show it is necessary to go and see the pictures. It can never result from lofty indifference, nor from fear-some respect. One should walk up to the pictures and say "I'm So-and-so; what are you?" Then sit down patiently and let them explain. Perhaps it won't take long to reach an understanding; perhaps it will. Perhaps you may find that you have a good deal in common; perhaps you will never see anything in the picture. In any event you give yourself an opportunity.

GEORGE ADE, in describing Mr. Taft's style of oratory, takes a few side swipes at Mr. Bryan. "For half an hour," he says, "Judge Taft talked horse-sense and the people listened. He made himself heard, and he proved to be a good deal more of a speaker than most of those present had counted on hearing. He is not a professional entertainer with a row of tremolo stops and a full set of chimes. He does not undertake fancy embroidery, scroll-work, point-lace insertion or peek-a-boo effects of any descriptions whatsoever. If, through some unforeseen reversion of the laws of Nature, he should fail to win out at the coming election, he will never get a job as one of those tabernacle entertainers, to follow the jubilee singers and precede the moving pictures. He simply tells what he has to say in correct and stolid English, and lets it go at that.

DOCTORS seem to stand high in the opinion of Rudyard Kipling. Addressing the students of Middlesex Hospital recently, the novelist said a few things that the medical journals will hasten to quote: Doctors and kings (he said) were about the only people whose explanation a policeman would accept if they happened to exceed the legal limit with their cars. On presentation of their visiting cards they could pass through the most riotous, the most turbulent, crowds unmolested. If they flew a yellow flag over a centre of population they could turn it into a desert; if they flew a red-cross flag over a desert they could turn it into a centre of population towards which men would crawl on their hands and knees.

THE end of the world is predicted by Elder John Shields, of the Latter Day Saints, London, Ont. He interprets the bush fires of the present year as meant for a warning. But John will scarcely succeed in spreading a general alarm.

ON Friday last one of the richest cargoes that ever passed over the Grand Trunk went through the Sarnia tunnel. It was a train of thirteen cars, carrying 690 tons of silver ore from Cobalt, Ont., to Denver, Col. Why not get a hustle on and treat this ore at home.

WHEN at Kiel in 1904 Emperor William told Mr. Archer Baker that he would visit Canada "when the steamers do the trip in four days." The steamers are now doing it, and Mr. Baker has reminded the Kaiser of his promise.

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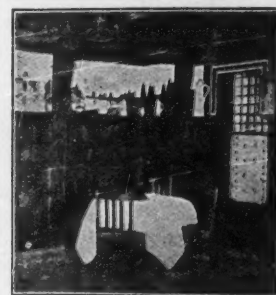
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HAMILTON, ONTARIO

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO MONTREAL



LOOKING OVER THE COBALT MINES
Members of the Toronto Stock Exchange
go up in a body and examine many of the best properties.

MONTREAL, Nov. 4.

It has been decided by the directors of the Mexican
Light and Power Co. that that property shall not be
leased to the Mexican Tramway Company. Against that
decision a group of the Power shareholders in London
are protesting. They will carry their objection to the
annual meeting of the Company, to be held in Montreal
on December 3. Then the battle of individual interest
will be settled by the voting strength of the shareholders,
as represented by proxies. Reduced to its simplest form
the battle of the pro-lease faction and the anti-lease party
is not hard to understand. F. S. Pearson, the erstwhile
Boston and New York promoter, is the pro-lease overlord;
C. H. Cahan, resident director and general attorney of the
Mexican Power property, is the anti-lease champion.
Pearson, who is the head of Mexican Tramways, is also
a co-director with Cahan in the other enterprise. Pear-
son had made a proposition to lease Power on behalf of
Tramways, in which he put forward a guaranteed four
per cent. dividend as a basic factor. Cahan rejects this
price as insufficient, and backs up his objection and re-
jection by pointing to some of the other clauses of the
lease, notably that one, through which Tramways would
be enabled to throw up their undertaking by giving six
months' notice. The lease was tentatively examined and
discussed by the Power board not long since; and, at that
time, the disposition was to accept it, despite Cahan's
objections, and the resignation of Sir George A. Drum-
mond from the presidency of the Company and from the
directorate. It is understood that Mr. E. S. Clouston, of
the Bank of Montreal, an influential Power director, was
then one with Pearson in approving the lease. It looked
at that time as if the lease was the thing. Pearson hur-
ried off to London and began manipulation to raise funds
with which to pay off the indebtedness of the Power Com-
pany to the Bank of Montreal, and, concurrently, to ar-
range for a "killing" in both Power and Tramways in
London and Montreal—in Power, on the representation
that consolidation would lessen expenses in a widening
market; in Tramways, through similar representations,
added to which was the "melon" of Power's surplus ear-
nings over four per cent., the rate guaranteed the stock-
holders of the common shares in the Power Company.
Cahan, who stands well over six feet, and is energy per-
sonified, also made a quick jump across the pond. He did
things. He made arrangements to raise funds with which
to pay off the Bank of Montreal's claims, and to carry
forward future development of the Power proposition.
He shook his fist in the face of the Pearson crowd in
London and said "Never" when they tried to talk beati-
tudes to him personally. Then he scampered back to
Montreal and began to talk to the newspapers. This he
did to some effect. He pointed out that instead of the
shareholders of Mexican Common receiving a guaranteed
four per cent. dividend through the lease proposition, he
would indicate a more excellent way, whereby six, eight
or even ten per cent. would fall to their share through re-
jection of the lease. His method of raising the necessary
funds in order to carry on the work and pay off the Bank
of Montreal caused a complete change in the attitude of
Mr. Clouston, who became an anti-lease advocate forth-
with. Meanwhile the Pearson crowd in London, working
through Mackay Edgar, who was formerly a Montreal
stockbroker, were urging the ratification of the lease pro-
posal, and were operating in the stock market, without
apparently being cognizant of the "bump" in store for
them. Finally the London financial papers, inspired by
Pearson and his sympathizers, began to make public fore-
casts based on the prospective lease. They went so far
as to suggest that the opposition on Cahan's part (al-
though he was not specifically named) was based upon
disappointment over non-success in counter-manipulation
for speculative purposes. Urgent telegrams were sent
and re-sent to Montreal; threats were indulged in; but
still the lease hung fire. Finally, Cahan cabled from Mont-
real for publication in the London press the following:

"There is no possibility of the lease being approved
by the directors of the Power Company, who by unani-
mous vote on Tuesday of last week, rejected the Tramway
proposals.

"The lease proposed to divert one-half of the surplus
net profits of the Power Company into the treasury of the
Tramway Company without any corresponding advantage
to the Power Company.

"Under the lease the Tramway Company could assume
the entire control of the Power Company's business, and
destroy its undertaking for the purpose of booming the
Tramway stock in the London market, and then having
sucked the orange dry, could terminate the lease at will
on three months' notice at any time.

"The Power Company is now earning six per cent. and
paying four per cent. on the ordinary shares. It will earn

at least eight per cent. next year and is now increasing its
capacity from forty-eight to ninety thousand horse-power
to meet the increasing demands of its consumers.

"The Power Company is able to obtain all the funds
it requires and the directors in rejecting the lease believe
they are acting in the best interests of all their share-
holders."

Then the London crowd "woke up." They are now
busy obtaining proxies for the December meeting in Mont-
real. They have no time to talk lease; what they had
proclaimed as *un fait accompli* has taken on the appear-
ance of something like "thin air." Hence the interest in
the meeting of December 3, preparatory to which Mr.
Cahan has gone to Mexico. But he will return. He as-
serts that he is not likely to be knocked out in the last
round; and if the shareholders will dispose of their pro-
xies on the lines of his advice, they will make money by
doing so. This is a game for millions. Cahan claims he
wants to keep the pot for the shareholders; and he further
claims that he will succeed, if fact, reason and logic have
any weight with the parties most interested—the share-
holders of Power Common and Preferred.

David Hobbs, the man who succeeded in swindling the
Government out of some \$67,000 while act-
ing as customs officer for the Canadian
Pacific Railway in Montreal, died the other
day at the Western Hospital, after serving a
share of the five years to which he was sentenced. There
is a suit now before the courts by which the Canadian
Government is endeavoring to collect the amount of these
frauds, along with deferred interest and a dozen other
items which bring up the grand total to a good deal over
a hundred thousand dollars. Just what will be done with
the case now remains to be seen, for Hobbs was, of course,
a star witness, and without his evidence the Government
may never be able to collect. Just how this man Hobbs,
who went by the lovely name of "Mustard" Hobbs, ever
came to be put in a position of trust is hard to understand,
for during the trial it developed that previous to his ar-
riving in Canada he had been tried and convicted of scut-
tling a ship and endeavoring to collect the insurance, and
for this he served seven years in a British prison. Hobbs
was a good-looking chap, of nice address and high-bred
manners, and this probably had much to do with his suc-
cess in finding a job where he could rob with impunity.

TORONTO, Nov. 5.

THE greatest ease prevails in monetary circles. There is
an active demand for choice domestic investments, and
fair prices are now being obtained for city and municipal
debentures and bonds. The accumulation of funds is
large, and investors seem to be looking for safety rather
than for big returns on capital. This state of the money
market indicates a quiet condition of commerce. That
business, however, is showing improvement cannot be
denied; but it is likely to be months before any great ac-
tivity may be expected. Money can be had on call in Tor-
onto at 5 per cent., and some say that private lenders
would be willing to accept even a less rate. This is a very
unusual rate locally, but while stocks have not advanced
a great deal since the inauguration of the lower rate,
prices have doubtless been sustained by the cheaper money.
The banks of Canada do a relatively larger business in
the discounting of commercial paper, or what is recog-
nized here as legitimate trade, and "call" loans are as-
sumed to be part of surplus funds. In a comparison made
by the London *Economist*, Canadian banks had out at the
year end, in domestic current loans and discounts, no
less than 63.6 per cent. of their total assets—or, consid-
ering it in another light, 78.4 per cent. of their combined
circulation and deposits (including Government depos-
its). English banks at the same date showed discounts,
advances, etc., amounting to 55.1 per cent. of assets, or
66.4 per cent. of combined deposits and circulation—the
last item being almost a negligible one, owing to the
Bank of England's virtual monopoly of note issues.
Evidently, Canadian bankers did not effect their strength-
ening of position during 1907 by unduly restricting com-
mercial accommodation, if the British banking trend dur-
ing that year is any criterion.

Some interesting information is to be obtained from late
figures published of the banking deposits of
Great Britain and the United States. Col-
lectively, it is shown that the deposits of the
national banks of the United States exceed
the deposits of the banks of Great Britain
by \$1,000,000,000. Naturally, the deposits in the national
banks of the United States have grown much more rapidly
than those of the United Kingdom. The total deposits in
United States banks in September last amounted to \$5-

BANK OF HAMILTON

Dividend Notice

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of 2 1-2
per cent. (10 per cent. per annum) on the Paid Up
Capital of the Bank, for the quarter ending 30th
November, has this day been declared, and that
the same will be payable at the Bank and its
Branches on 1st December next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from 23rd to
30th November, both inclusive.

The Annual General Meeting of the Share-
holders will be held at the Head Office, Hamilton,
on Monday, 18th January, 1909, at 12 o'clock noon.
By order of the board.

J. TURNBULL,
General Manager.
Hamilton, 19th October, 1908.

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provides for its customers every banking accommodation,
coupled with perfect security and prompt, courteous
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The Rest Room in connection with the Women's Department
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our women customers. It is a pleasant place for meeting
friends or holding a short business conference.

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 King and Sherbourne Streets.

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Interest allowed on deposits from date
 of deposit and credited quarterly.



King Edward Hotel
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SHOWING the new 'Varsity' collar correctly adjusted to give the "close front" effect. It will be noticed that this collar is cut away just enough to allow a convenient space for the tie.

On account of numerous inquiries we will answer questions pertaining to dress in this column, when such questions are of general interest.

Is the high-fold collar all right to wear with evening dress clothes? A. B. M.

Many men make little distinction as to the style of collar they wear for the various occasions, and while these men in the essentials are dressed quite acceptably they consider the style of collar they wear to be a detail, and give it little consideration. The high-fold collar is designed and intended for day-wear only and is not correct when worn with formal evening clothes. The high band which meets in front is decidedly the best style, while at the present time a collar with narrow turn-points that are rounded at the corners is being introduced and is considered quite correct.

I notice a number of people wearing lavender and purple neckties with frock coat. Is this correct? P. L. K.

Just exactly why particular shades in lavender and purple scarfs are accepted as correct, while green, cardinal and blue are not to be considered, I do not know, but such is the case and if these shades are carefully chosen they certainly look very well and are a welcome change from the greys, and black with neat figures in white, usually worn.

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695,500,000, as against \$3,844,300,000 in 1902, or an expansion of 48 per cent. in that period. In the United Kingdom the deposits of banks two months ago were \$4,575,000,000, as compared with \$4,275,000,000, or an increase of only 7 per cent. But the ratio of increase in the deposits of Canadian banks during the six-year period was much greater than in the United States. The thirty-three chartered banks of Canada on September 30th last had \$661,611,000 on deposit, as compared with \$390,175,000 in 1902, or an increase of 67 per cent.

The natural development of Canada and the United States, with immense areas for new settlers, contribute mainly to the larger increase in bank deposits as compared with the banks in Britain. If our wealth is measured by bank deposits, then we must take into consideration the population of the countries. Great Britain has less than one-half of the population of the United States, and her bank deposits of \$4,575,000,000 are equivalent to \$116 per capita. Canada's bank deposits of \$661,611,000 represent, on the basis of 6,500,000 population, \$102 for every man, woman and child in the Dominion. The proportion is much smaller in the United States, which has a population of 85,000,000. On this basis deposits of national banks equal only \$67 per head. Of course, there are other depositories for funds than those mentioned in each of the countries named. For instance, we have the Dominion savings banks, loan companies and trust companies, which, if added to chartered bank deposits, would swell considerably our \$102 per capita deposits. While Canada's banking deposits, per capita, are much greater than those of the United States; those of Great Britain tower above them all. Another reason why the United States' excess of \$1,000,000,000 over Great Britain's deposits means little, is the fact that the United States lends but little money outside her own country. In fact, Canada's investments abroad are relatively greater than those of the United States. This fact may be proven by the greater number of foreign securities listed on the Montreal and Toronto Exchanges than the foreign securities listed on Wall Street. But when we mention Great Britain in this respect, it would be a difficult matter to name a country or state that she has not lent money to. The size of the domestic security list of the London Stock Exchange is small indeed as compared with the foreign list of that great money market.

There is a report that Mr. Cawthra Mulock will very shortly join the ranks of the stock brokers. He would be quite an accession, and a much broader market would likely result as a consequence of his membership. His tastes are in that direction, and considering his short experience, he is said to have been fairly successful thus far in his speculative transactions. He is said to have bought a seat on the Toronto Stock Exchange for \$20,000, and there is little doubt when his name comes up for election he will receive the necessary votes that will qualify him as a member. It is said Mr. Mulock will associate himself with a firm now engaged in the business. There are three more remaining seats held by the Toronto Stock Exchange, for which \$20,000 each are asked. It seems to be a pretty stiff price to pay for a seat on an exchange where speculative transactions are so restricted, but in an active market Mr. Mulock's commissions have run high in his comparatively short career thus far.

The recent advance in the price of Toronto Electric Light Co. has puzzled a great many investors and stock brokers. Much of the buying has been put down to the Mackenzie interest. Before Mr. Mackenzie left for London he is said to have told a friend that the acquisition of this plant would fit in well with his electric programme. Sir Henry Pellatt, the president of the Toronto Electric Light Co., sailed from New York this week to meet Mr. Mackenzie in London. No one seems to know the nature of the deal, but Sir Henry acknowledged before leaving that he was going abroad to consult with the president of Toronto's Railway Co. Some say that Mr. Mackenzie's scheme of taking over or merging the Light Co. had been previously arranged with Sir Henry, and the deal would likely be ratified in London. Other directors of the Light Co. say that no formal proposal had come before the board.

It would appear as if business was on the mend. The failure list in Canada for October, according to R. G. Dun & Co., although numbering three more than for the same month of last year, show defaulted liabilities of only \$1,754,511, as compared with \$1,422,387 in October of last year. The decrease is greatest in the manufacturing division. There were 33 such failures with liabilities of \$423,487 in October, as compared with 53 failures with liabilities of \$785,582 in October, 1907. The metal markets are firmer than they have been for some time past, with a fairly good demand for structural material. Canada has recently figured heavily in the demand for wire products in the United States. The crop movement has reached its height, with satisfactory results, and now the accommodation to manufacturers and importers will be on a more liberal scale.

The Language of Diplomacy.

THE diplomatist waved his Turkish cigarette with a gesture of expostulation. "You use too crude a word! 'Expropriation,' my dear sir, 'expropriation' is the term I should myself apply to the—er—arrangement we have concluded regarding the Province of Balkania."

The interviewer made a careful note of it. "And if the Balkanians themselves object to their native land being expropriated? Did not the treaty of 1878 guarantee them their independence?"

"My dear sir," was the suave reply, "I think you are hardly using the correct diplomatic term in speaking of a 'treaty.' 'Semi-provisional arrangement' would perhaps express it less abruptly."

"It is stated that the Balkanians are calling out their reserves and hurrying them to the frontier. What do you intend to do—fight them?"

The diplomatist shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly. "Oh, no, we should not 'fight' them. Possibly it will be necessary to bring diplomatic pressure to bear on the frontier, and, of course, if they were inclined to resist a peaceful settlement of the question, we should hardly be prepared to view the matter with indifference, but 'fight them,' my dear sir, no! We should merely press for a peaceful recognition of our rights."

"And after Balkania, what will be the next 'expropriation'?"

"Who can foresee? These things lie on the knees of the gods. Readjustments of territory are always liable to deflect the balance of power in any given region. . . ."

"WAR DECLARED!" shouted a newsboy in the street below.

"Tut, tut!" said the diplomatist. "How coarsely expressed!"—Punch.

BIOGRAPHY IN CAPSULE

No. 5.

ROBERT F. STUPART, the one best guesser in the weather chieftain, is a man without a peer in his profession in Canada. Every day in the week he hands out advice to some six millions of people. He is a weather trust of one, and what he says goes throughout the whole country.

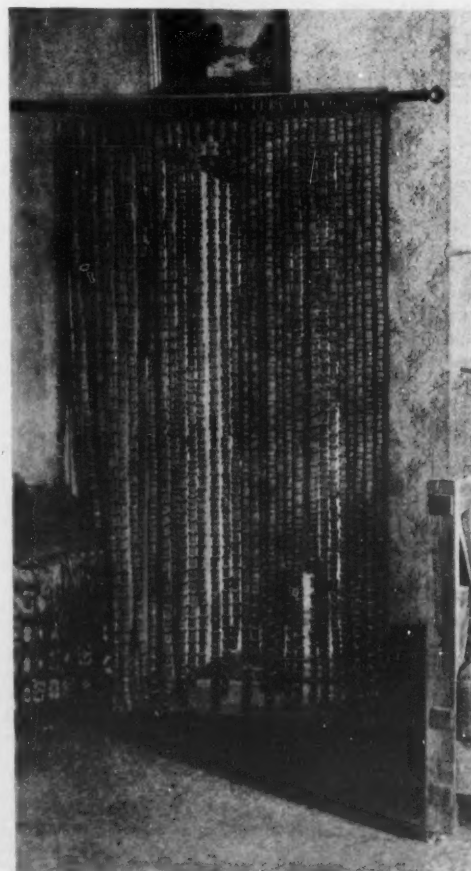
Mr. Stupart, although fifty years of age, has a few friends left, but in the course of his career he has made mostly enemies. He has a happy faculty for getting people down on him, and is forced to travel incognito throughout the land, to avoid becoming an estate at the hands of enraged farmers. It is an offence against the criminal code for anyone to publish or even have in his possession a photograph or picture of Mr. Stupart, and in order to preserve his personality immune from attack, the Government has set him in a little used field surrounded by near-skyscrapers, and has concealed the weather bureau from public ken by terming it the Meteorological Bureau. Similarly, Mr. Stupart is styled officially Director of Dominion Meteorological Service, which title is calculated to well disguise the fact that it conceals none other than The Weather Man, the only prophet in the country that gets a salary.

The fact that Mr. Stupart refuses to guess on any subject but the weather, that he is intellectual, genial and cultivated, seems to have no bearing at all on the general fact that the more he does for the country, the more increasingly unpopular he becomes. The average person may, however, gain an inkling of why this is so by recollecting how one morning he told Brown he thought the day would be fine. Brown departed downtown minus his umbrella, and called next day to scratch his name off a petition the average person was circulating.

Almost any day now Mr. Stupart may be interrupted in his scientific attempts to ascertain what became of a bad-shaped cloud that passed over Nebraska at sixteen o'clock, by a telephone call from a farmer that wants to know if rain is in sight. He is told there is none. He dawns the weather and the weather man threatens to flop over to Borden, and tells the local editor that old Bob Hazelwitch is a better guesser any day than the Toronto moke. And if this old farmer lets the horses out to graze, retires to clean up the top buggy, and gives up the idea of plowing the crusty soil, and then suddenly that Nebraska cloud that got lost in the shuffle, does produce rain, anyone can imagine what that farmer says and thinks of the weather man. Then there are a number of people who have a system of going dead against what Probs. says. If they see "rain" charted, they leave their umbrellas at home. Should R. F. Stupart enter suddenly a trolley car on its way downtown crowded with three dozen of these well-soaked experts, and if they knew him, there would surely be something doing in the way of local storms.

It has been calculated that every forecast sent out irritates 14,000, offends 60,000, maddens 18,000 and pleases about 4,000 people in this city. Therefore Mr. Stupart gets about 92,000 people down on him before ten o'clock every morning. All these have families. As to the other 4,000 that are pleased, if anything goes wrong with the forecast, they, their families, and all their relations say unkind things, sneering things, and bitter things, of the weather prophet.

When most boys were learning to spin tops, Mr. Stupart could balance a wind-gauge on his nose. He took up the typewriter and the seismograph and could play fantasies on the latter at an early age. He has made of the measuring of earthquakes an exact science, and the Stupart eruption is famous throughout the land. Mr. Stupart is of the opinion that most people who talk about the weather are either fanatics or are psychologically silly. He may be right; one can't tell till to-morrow. It is no wonder that time and again Mr. Stupart has sought to have the weather bureau removed to Ottawa, where he is little known, save officially.



CORKS FROM \$8,000 WORTH OF CHAMPAGNE

The unique portiere shown in this picture is owned and was made in Toronto from the corks of \$8,000 worth of Champagne—the corks having been saved up for the purpose.

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Its record, experience and strength constitute it an unusually safe depository for savings, and its Debentures have long held a very high place in the estimation of those conservative, cautious investors, both in Great Britain and Canada, who prefer absolute safety to a high rate of interest. They are a Legal Investment for Trust Funds, and are accepted by the Canadian Government as the Deposit required to be made by Insurance Companies, etc.

We shall be glad to send you a specimen Debenture, a copy of our last Annual Report, and full particulars, on receipt of your address. Write for them to-day.

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NOTES FROM NEW YORK

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 2, 1908.

THE twenty-fourth annual Horse Show, which opens in Madison Square Garden on Monday next, November 9, will have special interest for Canadians from the fact that for the first time in several years Canada will be well represented both in the number and quality of entries. Among the Toronto exhibitors are Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Cox, Messrs. Crow & Murray, Mr. Fred English, Mr. Joseph Kilgour, Mr. Hugh S. Wilson, Mr. George Pepper and Miss Pepper. Mr. Archibald Allan, of Montreal, is also on the Canadian list. I am indebted for this information to Mr. Jas. T. Hyde, secretary of the National Horse Show Association, who adds that a lot of good hunters have been entered, and is kind enough to express the hope that they may be successful in carrying off a share of the prizes.

The entry list for the entire Show is well up to former years, and in some classes, notably the thoroughbred, there is a large increase. In thoroughbred saddle horses alone there are twenty entries, and in ladies' saddle horses, notwithstanding that two classes have been added, the entries show a marked increase over last year in every class. In the breeding classes there has been a decided falling off for some years, and this year the entry list is so small that before next year, unless greater interest is shown, this class will be eliminated and more popular classes substituted.

The Horse Show will, as usual, mark the opening of the social season in New York. And although no titled foreigners have yet entered for the social blue ribbon, the event promises to be as brilliant in this respect as any of its forerunners. (The appropriateness of *forerunners*, I hope, will not be overlooked.) Judging at least from the published list of box-holders, local celebrities will be on hand in sufficient numbers to insure this feature and reward the admiring gaze of the socially curious.

Boxes, by the way, this year brought the lowest price on record. This may be an indication that hard times have been felt in high circles, or it may be simply that under the chastening influence of the panic, society has seen fit to protest against the fabulous bids of former years.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, which next week will be transformed into a paddock, was the scene last week of two of those remarkable political demonstrations for which this arena has become famous in these quadrennial contests. Both gatherings were held in the joint interest of Presidential and Gubernatorial candidates, and on both occasions the immense building was packed to the bulging point, fourteen to fifteen thousand people, it is estimated, crowding themselves into every available foot of space. Wet weather unfortunately prevailed on both occasions, Providence in this, with Scriptural impartiality, causing his rain to fall alike upon the just and the unjust.

If anything the Republicans received a larger measure of this unwelcome munificence, but like true Republicans, they "stood pat," many for hours—thanks to police mismanagement designed or otherwise—under the doubtful protection of dripping umbrellas. This put political enthusiasm to a severe test, but on both occasions the spirits of the waiting throngs refused to be dampened. Moreover, red fire and fire-works were there in plenty to counteract, if that were needed, the effect of the otherwise gloomy surroundings.

But there is another phase. New York takes its politics very lightly. These huge gatherings, national as they are in scope and interest, and sometimes bearing an important part on the general results outside, are looked upon by the crowd as national entertainment and appreciated as such. The majority have not stood dinnerless in the rain out of party zeal or for an opportunity to hear issues of the day discussed. They have come for the excitement and to witness the demonstrations that await the arrival of the respective candidates. The long hours of waiting within are beguiled with good natured chaffing and raillery, while spell-binders and brass bands supply more formal part of the programme. When the last candidate has arrived and the excitement is over, these merry-makers immediately depart. Even Mr. Bryan's matchless eloquence could not prevent the exodus of several thousand as soon as the wild welcome that greeted him had spent itself.

The arrival of these "stars" is always arranged with proper regard for theatrical effect. The meetings are well under way, and very often it is quite late before either puts in an appearance. Each arrival, moreover, is so timed that there is no possibility of a division of the limelight. Each has to it himself, the candidate for Governor, of course, taking first turn. With a "star's" arrival the arena is transformed into a scene of pandemonium. The sea of faces and heads is lost in the fluttering of flags and handkerchiefs that are waved in thousands and look like nothing so much as uncounted flocks of gulls scurrying low before the storm. The tumult is, of course, deafening, the vocal din supplemented by whistles, cow-bells, and other human and inhuman devices, to say nothing of the brass bands that bray their loudest in the gallery.

It is a wonderful scene, but the mechanical effort of these demonstrations is everywhere evident, from the red-fire outside to the last hurrah inside. Warmth, spontaneity and real emotion, play little part.

This was more or less true of the demonstration on both nights, with one exception. That exception was Hughes. His was the most remarkable demonstration I have ever witnessed, and is possibly one of the most remarkable ever accorded a public man in the hustings. It did not exceed the others in volume or duration, but it was emotionally more convincing, and when in his opening sentence he fervently declared that that cheer would remain with him should he ever be tempted to falter in his public duty, the response was electric and thrilling. That was the highest moment this campaign has reached, the one moment of real exaltation, and its effect on the audience was instantaneous and complete.

Bryan as an orator is probably unmatched on this side. His splendid voice, like the chords of some great organ, vibrates in every part of that vast auditorium. But for all his eloquence he does not grip his audience as Hughes does. One is charmed by the beauty of his utterance and readily submits to the spell, but one remains a spectator.

He does not convince, he does not inspire, while Hughes, with half his oratorical gifts, does both.

Taft, unfortunately, was extremely hoarse when he arrived, and, to the disappointment of many, spoke for only eight minutes. His election, however, was already conceded. He had qualified in the job, and his platform contribution could neither help nor hinder a choice already made.

THE situation in regard to Mr. Hughes was not then so gratifying. It was improving daily, however, and his lone-hand fight was winning admiration from friends and foes alike. His effective campaign, begun only three months before, was telling in every election district in the State and when his own party, lukewarm and discouraged at first, saw that the people were rallying around him enthusiastically, they threw themselves heartily into the fight. Perhaps the West had something to do with spurring Republicans to renewed efforts. His unexampled unselfishness in leaving his own state, when his election was in doubt, to help the National ticket in the Western States, had made him an idol out there, while his stature they had every opportunity to measure for themselves.

There were deeper reasons for his election than these. Senator Lodge eloquently states the situation when he said: "Outsiders find it difficult to understand why a candidate for a high office should be opposed because he endeavors to carry out the provisions of his state constitution. . . . His defeat as we look at it would mean a blow to the best ideals of American policies and would say to every man struggling for the right in public life that safety and success are to be found in low aims and subservience to selfish interests, and that the reward for a brave battle for the right can only be political defeat. We cannot believe that the people of New York will permit such a miserable message of discouragement and defeat to go forth to us on election night."

Before election day, however, his election was conceded by a good safe majority.

THE Republican parade of last Saturday, in which about 90,000 men, representing every kind of business and professional activity in the city, took part, completed the week of pre-election demonstration and proclaimed in unmistakable terms the attitude of this business centre toward the respective Presidential candidates. The parade started promptly at 10 o'clock from lower Broadway, headed by Sherman, the Vice-Presidential candidate, following Broadway to Waverley Place, turning west at that point to Washington Square, and proceeding north via Fifth Avenue to Forty-second Street. It was after six o'clock when the last division passed the reviewing stand, many of the divisions standing in the side streets from nine o'clock in the morning until four in the afternoon before the order to march was given. It was a monster demonstration, in point of number the largest in the history of New York, exceeding the famous McKinley parade of 1896, when sound money was the issue.

THE resignation of Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst as president of the Society for the Prevention of Crime came as a distinct surprise to the public. That the unexpected announcement was received with mixed feelings need not be disguised. The good judgment of ardent reformers is not always, one might say, seldom, commensurate with their zeal. But, whatever temperamental excesses may be laid at Dr. Parkhurst's door, none will deny the honesty of his purpose, his absolute fearlessness of consequences to himself, nor the actual value of his services to the community.

The only explanation of his withdrawal from the society of which he was so effective a head is his own statement, that he has "other similar work to do, the exact nature of which he may not disclose." Is it possible that he is planning to run for mayor next year, or is he seeking the police commissionership?

The resignation naturally recalls many of his activities during the seventeen years he has been prominently before the public as a reformer. His public career began with a sermon in Madison Square Presbyterian Church, of which he is still pastor, on the immorality practised in this city. He was at once enlisted as a member of the Board of Directors of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, and started forthwith his crusade against police graft. He personally inspected plans of ill report and on the evidence he collected, a Grand Jury found indictments and a presentment charging the police with collecting blackmail in New York to the amount of \$7,000,000 a year. Devery, who was then in charge of the "Red Light" district, was indicted but acquitted, notwithstanding the evidence of flagrant crime in his district. The Chamber of Commerce finally took a hand and secured a legislative investigation of conditions. The Lexon Committee was the result. In this investigation it was proved that the police in 1891, 1892, and 1893 had worked together in casting thousands of fraudulent votes, and had been rewarded with captaincies. One captain confessed to paying \$15,000 for his promotion, and Captain Schmittberger, now an inspector, owned up to getting a similar post for another man for \$12,000. The ordinary roundsman had to pay \$300. It was also shown that many keepers of disorderly houses paid \$30,000 a year for protection, that poolrooms paid \$300 a month, and that practically every other kind of criminal contributed regularly. The culmination of these disclosures, which startled the whole world, was the defeat of Tammany in 1894.

When the reform party with Seth Low at its head was defeated in 1903, Dr. Parkhurst declared with characteristic extra-vagance of utterance that we were to have "two more years of hell on earth." "Hell with the lid off" originated with him, and from this descended the colloquial "lid."

THE new dramatic offerings for the week are "Via Wire-less," and "The World and His Wife," the latter from "El Gran Galesto" of Echegaray, a remarkable play in the original, and regarded by many as the author's masterpiece. The adaptation by C. F. Nirdlinger endeavors to bring the play down to date, and it remains to be seen what the effect will be of certain modifications and emendations. Mr. William Faversham will assume the leading role.

"Via Wire-less" will be something quite different, depending chiefly upon melodramatic situation and scenic and mechanical effect. One scene shows the forging of a big gun in a foundry, and should afford a novel and thrilling spectacle. The cast is a very capable one and the presentation will no doubt be up to standard.

J. E. W.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE marriage of Miss Lucile Graham, last daughter of Mrs. J. E. Graham, of 134 Bloor street east, and Mr. Harry B. Housser, eldest son of Mr. J. H. Housser, was celebrated in the Metropolitan church on Wednesday at half-past two o'clock, Rev. S. Cleaver officiating. The church was profusely decorated with huge palms and white 'mums, the platform and choir screen being quite embowered. Mr. Wheelton played for half an hour before the service, and when the bride's procession arrived gave the Lohengrin bridal music. The beautiful organ responded to his touch so well, in the wedding chimes after the service and the various other selections, that no one minded how early they came or how long they waited for their carriages. The bride was brought in by her only brother, Dr. Joseph Graham, and made just the radiant and happy picture her friends anticipated, her bright eyes, lovely pink cheeks and soft dark hair suiting the trying white of the bridal attire to perfection. The gown was of soft clinging satin, with tucked gimpes and mousquetaire sleeves of finest net, and beautiful lace arranged on the bodice. The long train swept in deep pleats from the shoulders, and the veil of tulle rested softly on the bride's silky hair, held in place by a little crown of orange buds and leaves. The bouquet was of lily of the valley, asparagus fern and bride roses in a graceful shower. Mr. Fred Housser, brother of the groom, was best man. A maid of honor and three bridesmaids attended the bride, in exquisite Princess gown of Eminence satin, softly shirred and trimmed with touches of gold. Large black hats with black plumes completed their costumes, and they carried sheaves of 'mums to match their gowns. Miss Helen Matthews was the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Muriel Larkin, Miss Molly Wade, of Orillia, and Miss Del Sylvester, all looking very pretty and smart, but the latter perhaps the most winsome of the party. The ushers, who led the bride's procession in very dignified and deliberate fashion, were Mr. Jack Sifton and Mr. Kenneth McLaren, of Ottawa; Mr. Ellis Hyman, of London; Mr. Harold Smith, of Paris; Mr. Richard Chadwick and Mr. Lawrence Harris. They were particularly gallant and successful in their duties of escorting the guests to their places, and, I fancy, are all fraternity men. After the ceremony the bridal party and guests drove to Mrs. Graham's residence, where a large reception was held, the house being *en fete* for the occasion and an orchestra playing gaily behind a screen of palms. Mrs. Graham, looking well in a dainty gown of Eminence *crepe de soie* and toque to match, with one sweeping white plume, received at the entrance to the drawing-room, and the bride and groom were with their attendants at the south end of the room. The bridal gifts filled the large room over the drawing-room, and were very beautiful. A cabinet of silver, a silver tea-service, salvers of wrought brass, silver and crystal, the latter holding half a dozen solitaire casseroles, from which many a dainty entree will be enjoyed; books and paintings, china and crystal, brass, and some beautiful jewels were among the gifts. When the bride and groom led the way to the dining-room, where the dejeuner was served from a table done with baby white 'mums, the health of the bride was proposed by Dr. Cleaver, who quoted a very appropriate poem, and Mr. Housser made a more than usually coherent response, implying that any eulogy of his bride by outsiders was not to be compared to what he could utter. "The Bridesmaids" was the next toast, after which the bride changed her *robe des noces* for a travelling suit and hat of dark blue, with which she wore a set of ermine. The usual confetti pelt-ing and chorus of good wishes and more than the usual decoration of the bridal coach was *en train*, but the travellers were not to be ensconced in a carriage covered with giant white bows and streamers, and cleverly slipped into a quieter brougham and made their escape to the discomfiture of their tormentors. Among the guests were the Misses Aikins, aunts of the bride; Dr. and Mrs. W. H. B. Aikins, her aunt and uncle; Mr. and Mrs. Housser, parents of the groom, the lady in a very smart vieux rose gown and hat; Commander and Mrs. Law, Mrs. and Miss Goldie, Dr. and Mrs. Cleaver, Dr. and Mrs. Macpherson, Mrs. and Miss Mara, Mrs. and Miss Austin of "Spadina," Mrs. and Mr. Howard Harris, Mrs. and the Misses Matthews, Mr. Winfield Sifton, Dr. and Mrs. McGillivray, Dr. and Mrs. the Misses Wright, the Misses Caldwell, Mrs. and Miss Kemp, of Castle Frank; the Misses Haney, Miss Norton Beatty, Mrs. Sylvester, Mrs. Eaton, Mrs. Burnside, Mrs. and Miss Gurney and many bright young men friends of the bride and groom. That the new young faces in social circles this season are more than usually pretty was remarked at this wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Housser will make their home in Ottawa, where they will take up house after their honeymoon in the South.

Mrs. Goldwin Howland gave a very pleasant tea on Tuesday at her home in Spadina crescent, at which a large party of ladies enjoyed her charming welcome and hospitality. Mrs. Howland wore a pale blue gown of rich texture, faintly relieved with pink and trimmed with some delicate lace. Mrs. Starr and Mrs. Campbell Reeves presided at the tea-table, which was artistically decorated with a scarf of oriental silver embroidery and a vase of yellow 'mums. The girls assisting were Miss Helen Catnach, Miss Mary Burnham, Miss Naomi Morrison and Miss Gypsy Grasett. Among the guests were Lady Thompson, Mrs. and Miss Nordheimer, Mrs. Cockburn, Mrs. Grasett, Mrs. Tom Archibald, Mrs. Burnham, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. Capreole, Mrs. VanKoughnet, Mrs. Fiske, Mrs. Northcote and Mrs. Ramsay Wright.

Mr. Justice Irving left Toronto on Wednesday to return to his home in Vancouver, B. C.

Mr. George T. Fulton, Divisional Superintendent of the C. P. R., of Carleton Place, Ont.; Mrs. Fulton and the Misses Marguerite and Lillian Fulton, visited Mrs. F. C. Pickwell, at 49 St. Albans street, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald are visiting Mrs. Macdonald's mother, Mrs. Julius P. Miles, 8 Russell street.

Mrs. W. Campbell Macdonald has sent out cards for a dance in the King Edward on November 17. This is the function which was to have been given for her daughter's debut last season, but which was postponed on account of Miss Macdonald's delicate health. That fair and popular girl is now happily quite well, and able for any amount of dancing.

Mrs. Kemp's large tea for Miss Hazel's debut was a very well done event of last week, and hundreds of ladies drove, motored or walked out to Castle Frank, finding the little excursion to its sylvan shades most delightful and the hour in the lovely home equally so. Mrs. Kemp received in the drawing-room, wearing a delicate shade of gray, a very pretty gown, and the debutante was in the palest pink figured chiffon over pink silver, with quaint fashioned princess effect, and transparent guimpe and long sleeves of pink tulle. Miss Kemp has quite the most original and artistic gowns this year, and has evidently a favor for rose and pink shades. She had beautiful flowers, both in her arms and on the table near her, and Castle Frank was much *en fete* in her honor. In the tea-room was a table done with huge 'mums and loaded with good things, and the prettiest possible girls to coax one to eat and drink inadvisedly. Mrs. Waldie and Mrs. Proctor, sisters of the debutante, were also looking after the guests.

The members of the charming new club at Oakville ended the season by giving a masquerade ball on Friday evening last, which proved an unqualified success. Mrs. Percy Bath and Mrs. C. P. Chisholm were most gracious hostesses. Amongst the many pretty fancy costumes, which were particularly alluring, were those worn by Miss Grace Sutherland as a lady of the Court of Louis XIV.; Miss Prince as a witch was particularly good; Miss Lightbourne and her brother, Mr. Harvey, in Eastern costume; the Mayor, Mr. W. S. Davis, as a Courtier, and Mrs. Davis in a costume of the 17th century, attracted much attention, baffling all conjectures as to their identity; the president, Mr. Percy Bath looked well as King Henry VIII, and the three sons of the house, as Mephistopheles, a clown, a Chinaman, respectively, were very striking; Miss Marjorie Sutherland was very attractive in an early Victorian costume; and Miss Rosalie Fullerton was much admired as a Japanese lady. Amongst others present were: Mr. and Mrs. Prince, Mrs. Ernest Lawson, the Misses Beck (Toronto), Misses Robertson (Newmarket), Appelbe, Heaven, Molesworth, the Messrs. R. B. Elmsley, G. Brough, W. N. Davis, K. Marlate, Hamilton Stewart, H. Page (the secretary of the club), H. Prince, as Buster, and little master Lawrence Prince as Tige, were inimitable; also Mr. Carruthers, Beck and many others in equally fascinating costumes. The unmasking took place at 10.30 and caused much amusement. The club is certainly to be congratulated on the success of this its first season, as it was only formally opened in July.

Mrs. Watt, of Massachusetts, is visiting Mrs. Edward Scadding.

A very nice dance was given on Wednesday night by Mrs. Braithwaite for her daughter, Marjorie, at her home in St. George street. I hear Miss Braithwaite will spend some time in Hamilton this month.

The launching of the Hamonic at Collingwood has been postponed until the 14. Mrs. Hugh Calderwood is going to Collingwood for a short visit, and a number of friends of the Northern Transportation Company will go up to Collingwood next Saturday for the launch of the company's new boat. The name, Hamonic, is given in compliment to Mr. Hammond, and the boat will run between Sarnia, Fort William and Duluth.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor will open the Chrysanthemum Show on Monday evening in the arena, St. Lawrence market, which has been turned into a fairy land for the show. The show is now known as the Ontario Horticultural Exhibition and lasts from Nov. 10 to 14, inclusive. As Monday is a holiday a visit to the exhibition where the Lieutenant-Governor performs his first public duty in Toronto, will be the right thing.

Mr. Archibald Browne is having a most successful exhibition in the gallery of the Canadian Art Club, 57 Adelaide street east, and has been asked to keep the exhibition open on Thanksgiving Day. The pictures include the two purchased by the Government, one loaned by Mr. D. R. Wilkie, one by Sir Henry Pellatt, one by Mr. E. F. B. Johnstone, one by Mr. C. E. Stone, and one by Mr. R. Sid. Smith. Some English visitors, who dropped in one day this week, expressed great admiration for Mr. Browne's pictures and are going again to see them. They have been brought up to appreciate art, and value a good show accordingly.

Yesterday was a fairly busy day. Lady Pellatt's reception, Mrs. Herbert Cox's reception for the Sheffield Choir, the grand concert by the choir in Massey Hall and Mrs. Oliver Adam's dance at McConkey's, besides several small teas and three luncheons were an *embarras de richesses* for some people. Owing to the desire of some music lovers to be in good time at the concert, a couple of dinners have been postponed to one evening next week.

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Mrs. Sam W. Beard is settled in her new home, 502 Huron street. Mrs. Charles Sharpe, formerly Reba Landerkin, of Winnipeg, will receive for the first time since her marriage next Wednesday afternoon and evening, at 323 St. George street.

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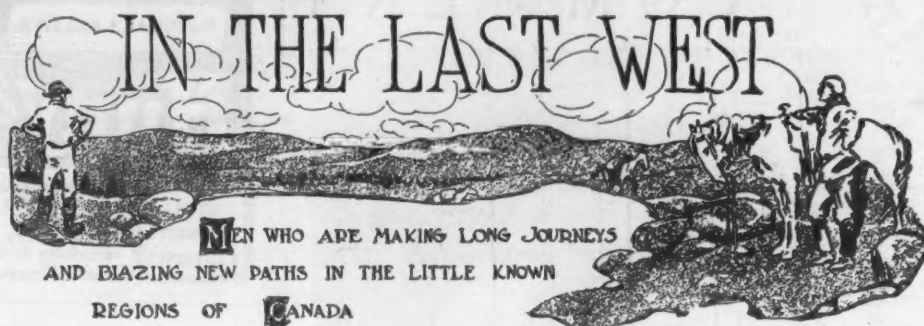
"TERRANO" Flooring has scored a wonderful success in the short time it has been in use in Canada. Architects are recommending it because "TERRANO" is absolutely waterproof and dampproof, fireproof and germ proof, thus making it especially suitable for basement floors, kitchens, laundries, baths, etc. "TERRANO" Flooring can be laid directly over old floors provided the foundation of the old floor is solid.

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NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

Of nervous prostration we hear much nowadays, and it is comforting to know that there are places specially equipped and located for combating this phase of modern life. On the main line of the Grand Trunk Railway System, at St. Catharines, Ontario, are located the curative Saline Springs known as the "St. Catharines Well." Connected with the Springs is "The Welland," where treatments for nervous prostration, rheumatism, etc., are given by skilled attendants in charge of a resident physician.

St. Catharines is the mildest point in Canada during the winter months. For further information and all particulars apply to city office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.



IN THE LAST WEST

MEN WHO ARE MAKING LONG JOURNEYS
AND BIAZING NEW PATHS IN THE LITTLE KNOWN
REGIONS OF CANADA

BISHOP P. T. ROWE, a native of Toronto, is one of the interesting figures of the far Northwest. He went to the "Land of the Midnight Sun" twelve years ago, and was at Dawson two years before any shacks were built there. He is now stationed in Alaska, where, it is said, he receives financial aid in his missionary work from J. Pierpont Morgan. Bishop Rowe travelled 5,000 miles between November, 1907, and May, 1908, 1,500 miles of the journey being made on snowshoes. Last May he left for Europe, and a week ago he arrived at Winnipeg on his return from the Old Country to once more take up his work in the far North. On the way to Sitka he will be obliged to travel more than 4,000 miles to his farthest mission among the Esquimaux. On Yukon river three languages are spoken, Tukudh, Tanana and Ingelik. Bishop Rowe, while in London, was entertained by the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth Palace.

MISS AGNES C. LAUT, the well known magazine writer, who has, during the past year or two contributed to the Press of the continent a mass of information concerning the Canadian West, addressed the Canadian Club of Winnipeg, one day recently on a notable trip she made this summer, being accompanied by another woman, Miss Gertrude Simpson, of Winnipeg, a granddaughter of the late Sir George Simpson, governor of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Early in July the two ladies, with a guide from the French Fur Company, started from Edmonton to canoe down the Saskatchewan river to Lake Winnipeg, a distance of fifteen hundred miles, which they accomplished in six weeks.

In a twenty-two foot canoe they carried three tents, their camp kit and provisions. As they approached a dangerous place in the river they picked up a second guide from the Hudson Bay posts, dropping him again as smooth water was reached and procuring another when necessary. The two ladies wielded their paddles every inch of the way and oftentimes were left alone to steer the canoe while the guides towed from the banks, when troublesome

which are turned loose in summer. These animals, which are very valuable in the north, become so starved that they haunt the trading posts and steal everything within reach. A close watch has to be kept on camp, else they pilfer everything.

Miss Laut's impressions of the country she passed through will soon be made public.

A DESPATCH from Vernon, B.C., says that sixty-five tons of apples have been taken from 161 trees at the Coldstream orchards there. At 43 pounds to the box, this would give a total of 3,023 boxes. This immense yield was of the variety known



NASTAPOKA FALLS—HIGHER THAN NIAGARA

One of the mighty unharnessed water powers of newer Canada. The Nasta-poka river, flowing into Hudson's Bay from the east, narrows near its mouth, and discharges an enormous body of water over a precipice higher than Niagara. A rainbow is always to be seen over the falls in the sunshine.

as Pewaukee, and as the same quality of fruit is retailing in the local stores at Vernon at \$1.25 a box, the returns from these two acres alone would be something over \$3,778, or \$1,889 an acre gross.

AMONG the American newspaper writers who were through the West this summer was the editor of the Savanna (Illinois) Journal, and in a recent issue of his paper he says:

After travelling nearly four thousand miles through some of the most beautiful and fertile country I have ever seen, I can assure Journal readers that the place for anyone desiring

which here we have to work for, argue about, and before we get them, almost fight for, they decide to have, as a matter of course, almost before there is a town. Nothing astonished me more than to see these infants of towns strutting about, as it were, with such metropolitan airs.

They have sewers, electric light, gas, cement pavements, parks, telephones (automatic at that), and a very active social life. The summer climate of Canada is the finest to be found.

Western Canada is truly the land of to-day and to-morrow—the land of opportunity, so long unfurrowed, so long silent, so long called the

"Great Lone Land." It is busy in these early days of the twentieth century laying the foundations of a new Empire, and is destined to be the home of coming generations of happy, contented and prosperous people.

Subscription Song Recitals

ON Thursday afternoon, November 12, at four o'clock, the first of a series of six subscription song recitals will be given at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto.

These recitals will be under the personal direction of Mr. Harry Girard, and the patronage of the following gentlemen, who have kindly consented to act as an executive committee: His Excellency, the Governor-General of Canada, His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Sir William Mulock, Sir Charles Moss, Sir Glenholme Falconbridge, Sir William Mortimer Clark, the President of the University of Toronto, the President of the Toronto College of Music, George Beardmore, Hume Blake, Duncan Coulson, Col. Davidson, Col. Septimus Denison, Col. Gooderham, Hon. L. Melvin-Jones, Hon. J. K. Kerr, William MacKenzie, D. D. Mann, W. D. Matthews, Samuel Nordheimer, E. B. Osler, J. Ross Robertson, Col. Sweny, B. E. Walker and D. R. Wilkie.

The recitals will be given for the benefit of the Sick Children's Hospital and the Toronto Free Hospital for Consumptives. The Royal Alexandra Theatre Company has generously donated the use of its magnificent theatre, without any charge, and Mr. Girard will be assisted by the following artists, who have volunteered their services for the worthy causes mentioned: Miss Agnes Cain-Brown, soprano, whose last appearance in recital was with the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, season 1906-1907; Miss Louise Le Baron, contralto, who appeared with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, season 1903-1904, and with Mr. David Bispham, season 1905-1906; Mr. Carl Haydn, famous Austrian tenor, who has toured the American continent for three years with Mme. Calve, Mme. Emma Farnes and Mme. Nordica, and Continental Europe in concert with Mme. Patti and the Strauss Symphony Orchestra; Mr. Tom Daniel, famous London basso, who is now soloist at St. Bartholomew's church, New York City; assisted by Mr. H. S. Saunders, cellist, of Toronto; Mr. Frank Branciere, harpist, of Toronto; Mr. William Machette, Mr. R. Marshall, the Royal Alexandra Theatre Orchestra.

Subscription tickets for the series are being sold at five dollars, with a special students' ticket at one dollar and a half.



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Canadian Agents, - Montreal, 11

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SPORTING COMMENT



THE HAMILTON TIGERS VS. TORONTO ARGONAUTS AT ROSEDALE LAST SATURDAY.

One might suppose the Tigers wore the stripes, but those striped stockings are the distinguishing marks of the Argonauts. The strong Hamilton team won by 28 to 9. For many years Hamilton has put up a fine Rugby team.

AMONG golfers it is curious how Mr. George S. Lyon, captain of the Lambton Golf and Country Club, holds the lead. For several years he has been a few strokes better than any other amateur in Canada, and while now one, and now another, competitor arose in one club or another to dispute his supremacy for a day or a month or a season, in the end he has remained the same almost perfect player as before, while rival after rival has dropped back—some of them away back. "The older I get the better I play," said Mr. Lyon last Saturday to one who was enquiring as to the state of his game. This would seem to be the case, as he has played great golf this season. Ten days ago he went over the new High Park course in a down-pour of rain—making an amateur record of 75. The best previous figure had been a 78. The conditions were much against good scoring but Mr. Lyon notched a 75 and in the round made eight threes. He says very truly that while golfers who pass the High Park links on the trains are inclined to think that the course is a flat and tame one, it proves to be quite otherwise and is, indeed, an excellent links, with greens in fine order. Mr. Lyon holds the amateur record for all the local golf courses. The new Toronto course he played over three weeks ago. It is a distance of 5,700 yards as re-arranged this season and Mr. Lyon notched a 74. His record at Lambton is 72 and this score he has made several times, while no other amateur has equalled it. He has the record also at the Mississauga Club, where he made a 71. He played there but once this year, and in his first round over the nine holes getting a 37, and in his second circuit a 34, which suggests that he might get into the sixties were he to try again. While I do not know the figures, I suppose he holds the Rosedale record also. A year ago, playing in Montreal, he set a record which still stands on the Royal Montreal course, he making a 72. The remarkable thing about Mr. Lyon's play is that one does not know whether to most admire his driving, his long iron work or his short play, for he excels in all. Most good players love one part of the game in which they shine. Another curious thing is that Mr. Lyon never goes bad in his game. He is always in form.



MR. TAFT AS A GOLFER
The president-elect of the United States comes to Canada every summer and plays golf at Murray Bay.



THE CHAMPION LADY WALKER
Miss Bertha Winters, of Deer Park, Toronto, who won the ladies' walking road contest on Saturday last, doing over seven miles in seventy-seven minutes, and leading a field of 89 starters.

Ald. J. J. Ward fired the pistol, and fifty-four finished. The winner was a spectator of the walking match last year and at that time decided to compete this year. Five weeks ago she began to train in the Y. W. C. C. gymnasium, and took brisk open air walks of one mile at a time, being advised not to try long distances when training. Miss Winters finished two minutes ahead of Miss Maida Peel, and three minutes ahead of Miss Minnie Pierce and Mrs. Bertha Griffith, of Hamilton. The excitement and enthusiasm attending this contest will no doubt lead to a very large entry next year, and perhaps cause other events of the same kind to be arranged.

THE annual meeting of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, held in Chicago on Monday, Mr. Emelius Jarvis was elected president and Mr. J. S. McMurray secretary. Both were present, representing the Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto. It is understood that the annual meet will take place in Toronto next season.

THE ladies' walking race at High Park drew an immense crowd on Saturday last, it being estimated that fully ten thousand people lined the course at the finish. This contest is conducted annually by The Star, which gives a gold watch to the winner. The distance is seven and a quarter miles and Miss Bertha Winters, of Deer Park, the winner this year, made the distance in seventy-seven minutes, a little better than eleven minutes to the mile, which is very good walking indeed. Sixty-nine left the starting point, when

of Toronto, McGill, Queen's and the Royal Military College, Kingston. A tournament will be held in October of next year. The officers are: Hon. President, Capt. Russell Brown, R.M.C.; president, F. Y. McEachren, 'Varsity; first vice-president, W. J. Black, Queen's; secretary, M. McAirt, R.M.C. The secretaries of the four clubs form an executive committee.

IN local Rugby circles deep regret is expressed over the death, on Monday night, of Robert Cassels, of the 'Varsity team. He was carried off by typhoid fever after a short illness. As a young player with Ridley College he made a name for himself, and on entering 'Varsity soon won a place on the senior team, and in the early games of the present season proved himself one of the greatest players in the game. The students were grieved to learn that his illness had proved fatal.

MR. TAFT has been elected president of the United States notwithstanding the fact that he plays golf, which caused many to regard him as a person essentially frivolous. Those who play golf will, perhaps, forgive Mr. Taft for having hedged when confronted with the accusation that he played the game. Instead of admitting that he did so and asserting that it was the greatest of games, he hedged by referring to his immense girth, to his advanced years, and the necessity he was under of taking exercise in the open air. Golf, not being too violent, met his needs. All of which was true as far as it went, but Mr. Taft knows very well that, once having played the game he would play it if he were as thin as Mr. Fairbanks, and as young as he ever was. He side-stepped his accusers, and avoided making the admission that he played golf because he liked to. But, of course, he knew that the people would not understand. Mr. Taft usually comes over to Canada for his summer holiday and plays golf at Murray Bay, but as President he will not be able to do this.

AFTER a scorching day's work old Ben Smith lighted his corn-cob pipe and sat down on the little wharf to rest. Near him lay an alligator, the visible result of his labors.

A tourist from the north approached and loftily remarked: "Ah, I see you have an alligator!"

No answer.

"It is amphibious, is it not?"

The tone nettled the old man.

"Amphibious, h—!" he growled. "He'd bite yer arm off before ye could say Jack Robinson!"

Canada

The patriotic verses that follow were written and set to music recently by Mr. Charles Johnstone, of Carleton Place, Ont.

() CANADA, dear Canada,
The Empire's fairest flower,
We sing a song in praise of thee,
And of thy freedom's power.
Throughout the land from shore to shore
No servile knee shall bow.
Thy richest gifts on one and all,
Thou waitest to bestow.

With forest and with verdure bright
Thy hills and vales abound,
Thine orchards vast and waving grain
Are scattered all around.
The herds that roam o'er hill and plain,
The treasures of the mine
Alike proclaim the heritage
That ever shall be thine.

The glory of thy coming years,
The greatness of thy name,
Shall sound aloud, and all the world
Shall echo with thy fame.
Thy sons and daughters shall arise
To bless and honor thee,
In every part of thy domain
Shall dwell prosperity.

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We have resolved to use poems in our next advertising campaign for this preparation and would like to secure the collaboration of the many readers of this journal in order to do so.

We offer the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN GOLD, divided as follows, for the best short poems on Wilson's Invalids' Port:—

1st prize - \$25.00 3rd prize - \$10.00
2nd prize - 15.00 4 next prizes 5.00
10 next prizes \$3.00

All copy must be written in ink, on one side of the paper only. Copy may be signed with a "nom de plume," but full name and address must be given on copy, to ensure safe delivery of prizes.

The awards will be made by well-known litterateurs and journalists, the names of which will be published later.

The competition will close November 30th. A booklet containing full data concerning Wilson's Invalids' Port, its history, its use in modern therapeutics, will be sent free upon request.

A selection of the best answers, with names of authors (unless otherwise requested) will be published in booklet form, copies of which will be sent to all competitors.

All communications re. this competition must be addressed to

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THE QUEST OF SOAPY

By O. HENRY



O. HENRY.
Magazine readers have lately become familiar with the name "O. Henry," for within a surprisingly short time he has sprung into the front rank of short story writers. He writes chiefly of New York's four million, and it has been said of him that "the distinguishing characteristics of his work are his journalistic style and his democratic instinct." O. Henry's real name is Sidney Porter, and he is an American newspaperman. The story reproduced here is taken from "The Four Million," published by McClure, Phillips & Co., the title being changed from "The Cop and the Anthem," to "The Quest of Soapy." The story is so good that every one who reads it will, we imagine, want to buy all of his five published volumes.

ON his bench in Madison Square Soapy moved uneasily. When wild geese honk high of nights, and when women without sealskin coats grow kind to their husbands, and when Soapy moves uneasily on his bench in the park, you may know that winter is near at hand.

A dead leaf fell in Soapy's lap. It was Jack Frost's card. Jack is kind to the regular denizens of Madison Square, and gives fair warning of his annual call. At the corners of four streets he hands his pasteboard to the North Wind, footman of the mansion of All Outdoors, so that the inhabitants thereof may make ready. Soapy's mind became cognizant of the fact that the time had come for him to resolve himself into a singular Committee of Ways and Means to provide against the coming rigor. And therefore he moved uneasily on his bench.

The hibernatorial ambitions of Soapy were not of the highest. In them there were no considerations of Mediterranean cruises, of soporific Southern skies or drifting in the Vesuvian Bay. Three months on the Island was what his soul craved. Three months of assured board and bed and congenial company, safe from Boreas and bluecoats, seemed to Soapy the essence of things desirable.

For years the hospitable Blackwell's had been his winter quarters. Just as his more fortunate fellow New Yorkers had bought their tickets to Palm Beach and the Riviera each winter, so Soapy had made his humbler arrangements for his annual

hagira to the Island. And now the time was come. On the previous night three Sabbath newspapers, distributed beneath his coat, about his ankles and over his lap, had failed to repulse the cold as he slept on the bench near the spurting fountain in the ancient square. So the Island loomed big and timely in Soapy's mind. He scorned the provisions made in the name of charity for the city's dependents. In Soapy's opinion the Law was more benign than Philanthropy. There was an endless round of institutions, municipal and eleemosynary, on which he might set out and receive lodging and food accordant with the simple life. But to one of Soapy's proud spirit the gifts of charity are encumbered. If not in coin you must pay in humiliation of spirit for every benefit received at the hands of philanthropy. As Caesar had his Brutus, every bed of charity must have its toll of a bath, every loaf of bread its compensation of a private and personal inquisition. Wherefore it is better to be a guest of the law, which, though conducted by rules, does not meddle unduly with a gentleman's private affairs.

Soapy, having decided to go to the Island, at once set about accomplishing his desire. There were many easy ways of doing this. The pleasantest was to dine luxuriously at some expensive restaurant, and then, after declaring insolvency, be handed over quietly and without uproar to a policeman. An accommodating magistrate would do the rest.

Soapy left his bench and strolled out of the square and across the level sea of asphalt, where Broadway and Fifth avenue flow together. Up Broadway he turned, and halted at a glittering cafe, where are gathered together nightly the choicest products of the grape, the silkworm and the protoplasm.

Soapy had confidence in himself from the lowest button of his vest upward. He was shaven, and his coat was decent and his neat, black, ready-tied four-in-hand had been presented to him by a lady missionary on Thanksgiving Day. If he could reach a table in the restaurant unsuspected success would be his. The portion of him that would show above the table would raise no doubt in the waiter's mind. A roasted mallard duck, thought Soapy, would be about the thing—with a bottle of Chablis, and then Camembert, a demitasse and a cigar. One dollar for the cigar would be enough. The total would not be so high as to call forth any supreme manifestation of revenge from the cafe management, and yet the meat would leave him filled and happy for the journey to his winter refuge.

But as Soapy set foot inside the restaurant door the head waiter's eye fell upon his frayed trousers and decadent shoes. Strong and ready hands turned him about and conveyed him in silence and haste to the sidewalk, and averted the ignoble fate of the menaced mallard.

Soapy turned off Broadway, and seemed that his route to the coveted



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Island was not to be an epicurean one. Some other way of entering limbo must be thought of.

At a corner of Sixth avenue electric lights and cunningly displayed wares behind plate-glass made a shop window conspicuous. Soapy took a cobbler-stone and dashed it through the glass. People came running around the corner, a policeman in the lead. Soapy stood still, with his hands in his pockets, and smiled at the sight of brass buttons.

"Where's the man that done that?" inquired the officer, excitedly.
"Don't you figure out that I might have had something to do with it?" said Soapy, not without sarcasm, but friendly, as one greets good fortune.

The policeman's mind refused to accept Soapy, even as a clue. Men who smash windows do not remain to parley with the law's minions. They take to their heels. The policeman saw a man half way down the block running to catch a car. With drawn club he joined in the pursuit. Soapy, with disgust in his heart, loafed along unsuccessful.

On the opposite side of the street was a restaurant of no great pretensions. It catered to large appetites and modest purses. Its crockery and atmosphere were thick; its soup and napery thin. Into this place Soapy took his accusive shoes and telltale trousers without challenge. At a table he sat and consumed beefsteak, flapjacks, doughnuts and pie. And then to the waiter he betrayed the fact that the minutest coin and himself were strangers.

"Now get busy and call a cop," said Soapy. "And don't keep a gentleman waiting."

"No cop for youse," said the waiter, with a voice like butter cakes and an eye like the cherry in a Manhattan cocktail. "Hey, con!"

Neatly upon his left ear on the callous pavement two waiters pitched Soapy. He arose, joint by joint, as a carpenter's rule opens, and beat the dust from his clothes. Arrest seemed but a rosy dream. The Island seemed very far away. A policeman who stood before a drug store two doors

down the street.

Five blocks Soapy travelled before his courage permitted him to woo capture again. This time the opportunity presented what he fawnously termed to himself a "cinch." A young woman of a modest and pleasing guise was standing before a show window gazing with sprightly interest at a display of shaving mugs and inkstands, and two yards from the window a large policeman of severe demeanor leaned against a water plug.

It was Soapy's design to assume the role of the despicable and exorcised "masher." The refined and elegant appearance of his victim and

the contiguity of the conscientious cop encouraged him to believe that he would soon feel the pleasant official clutch upon his arm that would insure his winter quarters on the right little, tight little isle.

Soapy straightened the lady missionary's ready-made tie, dragged his shrinking cuffs into the open, set his hat at a killing cant and sidled toward the young woman. He made eyes at her, was taken with sudden coughs and "hems," smiled, smirked, and went brazenly through the impudent and contemptible litany of the "masher." With half an eye Soapy saw the policeman was watching him fixedly. The young woman moved

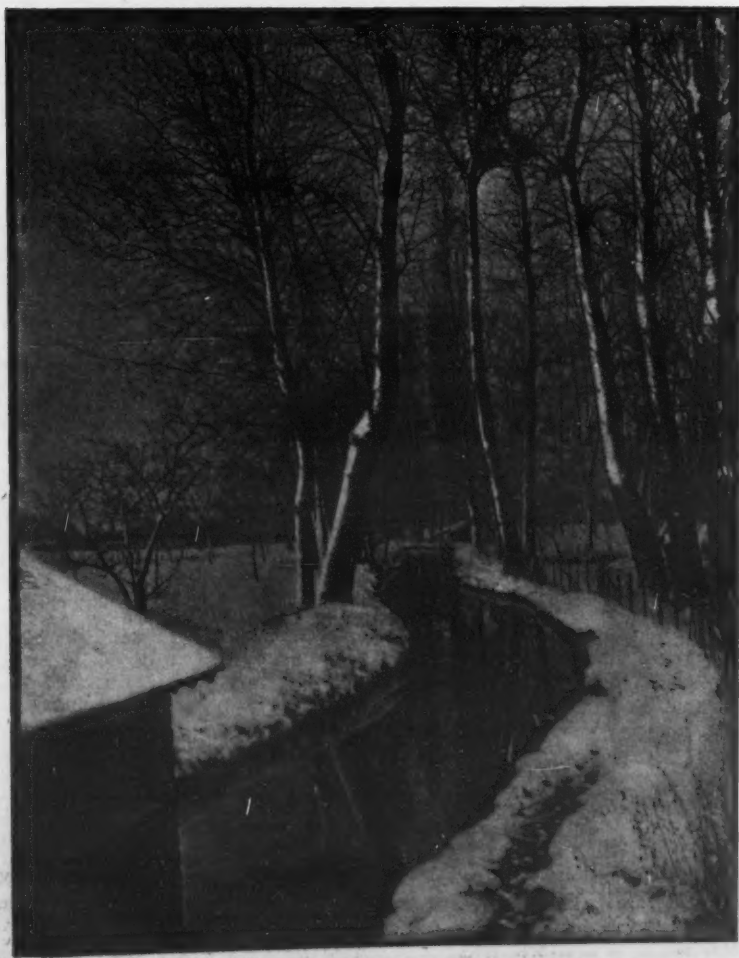
away a few steps, and again bestowed her absorbed attention upon the shaving mugs. Soapy followed, boldly stepping to her side, raised his hat and said:

"Ah there, Bedelia! Don't you want to come and play in my yard?"

The policeman was still looking. The persecuted young woman had but to beckon a finger and Soapy would be practically en route for his insular haven. Already he imagined he could feel the cozy warmth of the station-house. The young woman faced him, and stretching out a hand, caught Soapy's coat sleeve.

"Sure, Mike," she said joyfully, "if

(Continued on Page 10.)



THE FIRST SIGNS OF WINTER AT ERINDALE.

By our Special Photographer, taken last week at Price's Dairy Farm, Erindale, Ont.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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!?! POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE !?!

THE TURNOVER OF '78.

PRIOR to the general election of October 26 there was much talk about the great turnover of September, 1878, when the Conservative party won its great victory over the Mackenzie Government. Stories are divergent as to whether it was expected or not. Some have asserted since that Conservative triumph was "in the air," and that they felt it coming. It would be well, however, to credit such statements to after impressions. It was as difficult after the elections of 1878 to find a man who thought that Alexander Mackenzie's Government was going to be sustained as it is now to find an individual who thought Sir Wilfrid Laurier would be beaten on October 26. But the best informed survivors of that wreck admit that Mackenzie and those who surrounded him thought there was no possibility of his defeat. All Prime Ministers have sycophants around them who assure them they are invincible, and even sterling old Mackenzie was amenable to these, and laughed at Tory pretensions.

On the other hand Sir John A. Macdonald, though hopeful, recognized the great difficulty of beating a government in power in a new country like this. In that election he contested two seats, one of which was in the city of Kingston. He was residing on St. George street, Toronto, at that time, and after the polls closed repaired to The Mail office, which stood then where it does now, at the corner of King and Bay streets, to await returns. At that time the collection of news was not so highly organized as it is at present, and they came scattering. One of the earliest places heard from was Sir John's native city of Kingston, where he was a candidate. A despatch announced his personal defeat, and as soon as he heard it Sir John put on his hat and said: "Well, boys, we're beaten; I'm going home." The editors and reporters standing by could not but feel sorry for the chieftain who had fought so hard and who had apparently failed.

Sir John went home and retired to bed, a worn-out man. Hours later he was roused from his slumber to learn that he had won a great victory. Down town things went livelier. The old United Empire Club, on King street west, where the North American Life is now located, was Conservative headquarters, and there, after the gloom of the early returns was dispelled by tidings of victory, the champagne corks commenced a fusillade, and it is to be feared that many members of the party got gloriously inebriated.

Those were the days before the temperance movement had taken hold of the community with the force it now possesses, and in The Mail office also there was a celebration of a kind impossible to-day. The editor, long since deceased, sent out for all the beer and all the crackers and cheese that the nearby hotels could provide, and kept open house for all comers. The victory was celebrated by the staff and the casual visitors with dippers full of the malted brew. Thus was the eighteen years of power inaugurated.

THE TORONTO TELEGRAM'S CANDIDATE.

THE strenuous campaign of Capt. Tom Wallace in Centre York was enlivened by the appearance on the candidate's platform of Mr. John R. Robinson, the editor of The Telegram. As might be expected he enriched the campaign arguments by some pithy sayings. He made a decided hit when he told his audiences how Capt. Wallace had proclaimed his "glad acceptance of that great platform which R. L. Borden is trying to build on the four solemn words of Holy Writ "Thou shalt not steal." W. F. Maclean was referred to as "that dauntless pathfinder of progress, that untiring trail blazer of public rights."

His arraignment of Sir Wilfrid Laurier was scathing. Few audiences have heard such sarcasm and irony as are at the command of the fighting editor.

R. R. Gamey, M.P.P. did not think it too much to

come from Manitoulin to be present at the nomination of the young candidate at Thornhill and speak in his behalf. With Mr. Robinson, the Man from Manitoulin spoke at Richmond Hill in the evening and returned to East Algoma the next day to help his friend W. R. Smythe. Staid, old Richmond Hill let loose for once. The enthusiasm that these two with Dr. A. W. Thornton, of Toronto, aroused for Tom Wallace, made that Liberal stronghold rub its eyes. Dr. Thornton proved a great favorite and was much on demand during the campaign. Patriotic songs were a feature of every meeting.

Capt. Wallace is a young man of Taft proportions. His contest for the possession of the gerrymandered riding was a young man's fight. "Tom," as every one calls him, is 28 years old, and is probably the youngest member of this Parliament. His campaign manager, John Chancellor Boylen, of the Evening Telegram, where he is known as "Chance," is only 23. But these two, with Dr. Forbes Godfrey, M.P.P. for West York, and Alex. McCowan, M.P.P. for East York, as an advisory board were a combination that was hard to beat. The two youngsters were taught campaigning in the days when the late Hon. N. Clarke Wallace reigned as the uncrowned king of West York.

Capt. Wallace's capture of this constituency, that Senator Arch. Campbell is accused of having carved out for himself, is regarded as a notable victory. The magnificent distances kept the candidate on the jump. Trips to Markham, Mimico, Kleinburg, Highland Creek, Woodbridge, Weston, Richmond Hill and other points in the riding kept horse flesh and gasoline in great demand.

IN THE BRANDON ELECTION.

THE election in Brandon was one of the closest and hottest of the recent campaign. The fight was between Hon. Clifford Sifton and Hon. T. Mayne Daly, with Mr. B. D. Wallace, Independent, getting in the way of the real combatants. Mr. Sifton's small majority was a virtual defeat.

At one of the Daly meetings a humorous reference was made to the fact that Mr. Daly had for years been police magistrate at Winnipeg.

"Mr. Daly has always," declared one of his speakers, "taken a deep interest in the young men of the country."

"Two dollars and costs," shouted a voice from the crowd, and during the campaign no further reference was made to the interest he took in young men.

HIS FAITH SHAKEN

IN a village near Toronto there is a church which finds politics an inconvenient entanglement in some of its meetings, as the prominent members are partisans with a fervor which comes to its height only in small communities. Even the sexton has violent views, and, being an ardent Tory, refuses to give that attention to the Grit pews which he bestows on those occupied by the politically orthodox.

October 26 was a black Monday for Smithers, the sexton, and the pastor of the church almost dreaded to meet the disappointed brother. However, on the Wednesday night, following the day when Sir Wilfrid was elected once more to the Seat of the Mightiest, just before the prayer meeting hour, the minister discovered Smithers lurking in the back of the room.

"Well, Brother Smithers, you needn't look so down-hearted," said his spiritual adviser jovially. "Providence is going to take care of us all, you know."

Smithers shook his head, as if there were no hope for Canada in his heart. "Maybe, sir, maybe. But the way things are goin' is enough to make any man doubt if there's a Providence at all."

QUEER ELECTION BETS.

DURING the past week, as is usual after an election, a number of men throughout the country have engaged in odd stunts by way of paying freak election bets. For example, one day at the noon hour, a Toronto voter, J. McCormick by name, entertained a large crowd in Louisa street by rolling a pea with a toothpick, along the pavement between Yonge and James streets. He had lost a wager with Charles Langley, and as both men are with the Sellers-Gough Company, their fellow employees were out in full force to see the performance, forming the nucleus of a crowd which soon assumed considerable proportions.

In St. Catharines, Arthur Martin, of the Bank of Nova Scotia, rolled a peanut around a block with a fifteen-pound crowbar. Had the gentleman with whom he bet, Dr. Chapman, lost, he would have been required to wheel Mr. Martin through the city in a wheelbarrow.

Another bet worth recording was made in St. Catharines. It was made by James Haynes, barber, and William Raymer, billiard-room keeper, on the majority of Mr. E. A. Lancaster, Conservative candidate in Lincoln. Haynes lost, and he had to hire a swell carriage and pair and personally drive Raymer around to every saloon in the place, paying for everything the winner might order and having nothing himself.

From Winnipeg comes the story of another amusing wager made between Sidney Slocum and Joseph Norski. A formal agreement was signed, sealed and witnessed, to the effect that if Alex. Haggart, K.C., defeated D. C. Cameron in Winnipeg, Norski should provide a cord of four-foot tamarac wood and saw it with two cuts, in any window on Main street named by the other party; Slocum to do the same if Cameron should be elected. The gentleman with the foreign name lost, of course, saved the wood and delivered it to a charitable institution.

These are typical examples of some of the bets reported since election day. If space permitted more of them might be given, with the names of the parties concerned—for publicity in the press is part of the penalty of losers in all such wagers.

THE BIGGEST AND SMALLEST MAJORITIES.

THE much studied election returns show that in most of the constituencies heavy votes were polled and exceedingly large majorities rolled up in a number of cases. Mr. Verville, the Independent-Liberal-Labor member-elect for Maisonneuve, the eastern suburb of Montreal, leading with a majority of over four thousand—as many votes as are usually on the entire list of an average rural constituency.

Looked at from the opposite standpoint—from that of the candidate who fared the worst—first place must be given to Mr. Cotton, the young lawyer who ran as an Independent against the Hon. Sidney Fisher, and Mr. Fisher's straight Conservative opponent. Mr. Fisher had a majority of 320, while Mr. Cotton polled nine votes in all, just enough to make up a baseball team. Of course, Mr. Cotton loses his deposit, but, what is worse, he owns a local newspaper, and because of certain statements made in that paper during the campaign, not wholly complimentary to Sir Frederick Borden, the latter is suing Mr. Cotton for \$10,000. But even the darkest cloud has a silver lining. Mr. Cotton is a lawyer, young, clever and

not too busy to attend to his own affairs, and so he can go into court and defend himself against the War Minister without going down into his pocket to retain counsel. Mr. Cotton has not traveled far on the way to political power, but even the short bit of road he has been over he has found rather rocky. But he has many things in his favor and may be heard of again. He is young and clever, he has a fine education secured at McGill and in France, and he has lots of pluck.

One curious feature of his contest was that it put a Cotton in opposition to the Liberal party. His father is sheriff of the district consisting of the three counties of Missisquoi, Brome and Shefford, and his uncle, the late Dr. Cotton, once represented Missisquoi in the Liberal interest in the Quebec Legislature.

HE HAD TO SHOW THEM HOW.

MR. EDGAR SELWYN, the Toronto boy, who is now the star of "Pierre of the Plains," renewed old friendships when he played recently at the Princess Theatre here, and told many interesting stories of the stage.

Discussing the great fight scene in his play (in which Paul Dickey, the actor who makes an eighteen-foot fall down a pass of padded rocks, since sprained his back) Mr. Selwyn stated that he remembered only one stage fall quite so difficult. It was in "A Gentleman of France," in which he played some years ago. While the company was playing in Ottawa it was decided that some spectacular feature had to be introduced into the scene of the great staircase fight. Selwyn proposed that the men he killed on the stairs should fall backwards and thus make the fight more thrilling. As Selwyn did the killing he took no such chance himself, but the victims of his trusty blade raised strenuous objections to such a daring feat.

"Tut, tut, fellows!" exclaimed Selwyn. "That's not hard. Anybody could do it." But still they kicked. Then the stage manager chipped in. "Do it yourself, Edgar, and show them how."

Selwyn had not expected this proposition, but having gone so far he had to be game. He went to the top of the staircase and vaulted backwards in truly spectacular fashion. It was no sham fall, for he was sore and bruised when he got on his feet again, but he arose smiling. "It's easy, fellows," he said. After that they could no longer refuse, and every night the thrilling scene brought many certain calls.

"I never said a word about it, but I was stiff and sore for weeks after that fall," said the actor.

A WASTED VOTE

DURING the week preceding the election, a certain warm-hearted Irishman, with a vote in Centre Toronto, was highly and properly indignant at some comments of his who had made unfriendly remarks about the historic Roman Catholic church. Therefore, on the morning of October 26 he quietly stole away to the polls and recorded a vote for Robinette. On his return to business he proudly proclaimed the manner of his voting.

"But I thought you were a Tory," said one of the men.

"So I am," was the ready response, "but Robinette goes to the right church and there's too many Orangemen in this town."

"Robinette!" exclaimed several bystanders, "Robinette's a Methodist. Ask 'Move-On' Wilson if Robinette hasn't a pew in his church!"

Then the face of the Tory supporter of Robinette turned a wan and sickly hue as he realized that he had voted for a Liberal—and a Protestant.

DR. PUGSLEY'S CHANGE OF FAITH.

THE Minister of Public Works, who was at the Rossin House this week, has seen fit to change his political allegiance on several occasions. He belongs to the type of New Brunswick politician that is as inconsistent as the famous Bay of Fundy tides. These frequent shifts of Dr. Pugsley's have been the subject of somewhat tiresome



A NEW MILITARY WEAPON.

Mr. Martin Hale, inventor of the new Grenade, (spoken of in despatches from England) which may be fired from the ordinary service rifle using the ordinary service cartridge (without a bullet). The Grenade weighs 1 lb. 6 ounces. Six of them can be carried without inconvenience on the ordinary soldier's equipment. Mr. Martin Hale has followed up the experience gained by the use of the hand-Grenade in the Russo-Japanese War. This Grenade is so made that it cannot explode by accident, not even if struck by a bullet.

criticism by his prominent opponents, but occasionally they draw forth a reference wholly humorous.

During the recent election campaign Wm. Pugsley, Jr., took the stump for his father in the rural districts of St. John. Canvassing one old-timer, who he had supposed was favorable, he was met with a blunt refusal.

"Why," said the youthful politician, "you are a Liberal, are you not?"

"I'm not a Liberal," was the reply, "and I'm not going to vote for your crowd."

"Well, but how long have you been a Conservative?"

"Young man," was the unanswerable retort, "I was a Conservative when your father was one, and I am yet!"

A HUSTLING CANVASSER.

NO political candidate ever went to greater lengths in getting close to his constituents than Colonel Hugh McLean, who last week added Queens-Sunbury to the Liberal column. Not even the Signor Robinetti's essays in Italian, and his musically accompanied meetings outdid the personal canvass of the energetic brigadier. One of his strong bids was a reception at his house in St. John to those residents of his county who visited the city during the Provincial Exhibition.

"At home, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday," the cards read; and one old farmer's comment was: "Let him stay at home Thursday, Friday and Saturday. I don't care a d—!"

A BUSH-WHACKING MEMBER.

THE new member for West Kent is a good example of a man who from the ground up—right from the floor of the new-turned furrow—has fought his way into the Federal ranks. Archie McCoig has been M.P.P. for a couple of terms, appearing in the Legislature as the running mate of that other member from the bean lands, Mr. Phil Bowyer. But he became ambitious. "Archie" is a born hustler. He is also highly indigenous. Talk to him about log slashings and stave mills and elm bolts and he is right at home; knows every concession and side-road in the flat land about the swales of the St. Clair; has worked in stave mills and logged up slashings and split rails. He has also cut corn by the acre and pulled beans by hand. He knows the ways of home-grown tobacco and the tricks of an oil well—for he was born and bred and elected in the county where they have all these things.

He knows how to talk to the horny-handers. He has not yet got the callouses off his palms. On an axe or a maul Archie would be pleased to show any farmer in his constituency how to cut loose the way and to drive home the wedge. He has felled a large number of trees; helped to yank that smiling corn county out of the solemn woods. The trees are all down now. Most of the mills are shut down; heaps of sawdust. But it's a poor heap of sawdust where Archie McCoig can't round up a few good voters. His words are blunt and unpolished. Some of his grammatical constructions sound like the blows of a maul; but he knows how to think the way the farmer does, and the whole gospel of getting round up the lanes and back behind the barn, with an occasional trip to the back field if necessary in order to carry the gospel to the man that needs it. He has succeeded in winning a seat that men much more clever than he and quite as well known have failed to land. But when Archie goes down to Ottawa he will go to split rails and lay up fence and do an odd job of ditching—or some of his agricultural constituents will want to know why.

THE LATE HON. THOMAS GREENWAY.

CANADIAN public life will miss Mr. Greenway, for, although his political career had been largely provincial, it had had to do with matters that created deep interest and exercised strong influence far beyond the bounds of his own province. He was one of the pioneers of Manitoba, and on his own farm, and to a considerable extent with his own hands, he had proved the worth of the prairie lands. As premier of Manitoba he had done much to hasten the development of that province and to shape its institutions.

Mr. Greenway came to the House of Commons after all this had been accomplished and at a time in life when most men seek rest and retirement. At Ottawa he was a quiet member but not a silent one. He did not speak often, but when he did, and it was usually upon questions directly relating to Western Canada, he received the closest attention of both sides of the House, for all felt that when "Tom" Greenway addressed Mr. Speaker upon western agriculture, land regulations, or immigration, there was to be something worth listening to and something to be learned. He never spoke as a bitter partisan, but, whatever were his views, he stated them frankly and fearlessly, and with force. He was very calm in his utterances, very deliberate and dignified, as becomes a man who had once ruled a province.

Mr. Greenway at Ottawa, seemed somewhat of a lonely man. Perhaps that was largely due to his temperament, and perhaps due in a measure to the fact that most of his fellow members had come into public life since his days of power and were strangers to him. In his coming and going to the House he was usually alone. During the winter days of a session he spent considerable time in famous room sixteen, and he would often be found there seated before a window that opened out upon the snow-covered lawn, smoking a strong cigar. It may have been that the white, level expanse of the lawns about the Buildings reminded him of the prairies at home. In summer he loved a seat on the front terrace, and there he could be found on almost any fair evening enjoying the cool hours of the dinner recess. It was the exception to find him engaged in conversation.

Had his life been spared Mr. Greenway would undoubtedly have rendered the country excellent service as a member of the Railway Commission. The needs of the West with respect to transportation none understood better, and none had more deeply at heart the good of that part of the Dominion which was his adopted home and where had been passed that part of his life which has given him a place in Canadian political history. It is a remarkable coincidence that during the past few months death has robbed the Railway Commission of two of its strongest members—Judge Killam, the chairman, and the Hon. Thomas Greenway—and Manitoba can claim them both.

King Charles of Roumania is one of the kings in the happy family of Balkan states and has been ruler for over forty years. He was placed in his present place in 1866, although he was then given the title of prince. No one expected that he would last so long, and Bismarck expressed with grim humor the belief that the job of governing Roumania would at least provide King Charles with some interesting reminiscences. Yet, since 1878, the Kingdom has been the quietest in the Balkan community.

In Winnipeg the political parties seem to wage a furious war in which little quarter is given, if we may judge from the assaults made and the arrests and prosecutions reported since the polling.

THE WIDE-SPREAD FAME OF GEORGE HAM

EVERYBODY in the country, of course, knows George Ham, of the C. P. R. But it seems that everybody out of the country knows him, too. For example, along comes a recent issue of the San Francisco News-Letter, containing an article about him, entitled "How George H. Ham Dispenses with Sunshine," prefaced by the remark that "his circle of acquaintances has so spread itself that he counts them by the hundreds in San Francisco." To quote a little of the article will be to prove that they know this prince of good fellows out in California as well as we do. Here are some portions of the article:

To deny acquaintance with George H. Ham is to confess ignorance of Canada's greatest institution, the Canadian Pacific Railway. Who is George H. Ham? Why, he is George Ham, that's all. The poor man has not an official title to bless himself with; he never did have a title, and there are no present indications that he ever will have one. If he ever does get his deserts, he will be designated as ambassador-at-large for the Canadian Pacific Railway.

To Sir William Van Horne belongs the credit of discovering Ham. At the time of the discovery Ham was an alderman of Winnipeg, and the editor of a paper of limited circulation, but unlimited nerve. So valiantly did he champion the cause of the railway that Sir William Van Horne, though he wasn't Sir William then, stopped off in Winnipeg one day to see what manner of man it was who wrote such powerful editorials.

He saw, and immediately surrendered unconditionally to the charm of Ham's remarkable personality, just as so many others have done. Since then, George Ham has been an integral part of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and a part of no mean importance.

He toils not, neither does he spin; yet no man connected with the company is more widely known than George Ham. Indeed, it would be within bounds to say that no man in Canada is better known throughout the world than he.

No, he is not a lobbyist. On the contrary, he takes such extreme care to avoid even a suspicion of anything of the sort that he never goes to Ottawa while Parliament is in session. Yet the Press gallery at the Capital, abetted by some members of Parliament, recently gave him a dinner and a gold watch as an inadequate expression of their esteem.

Ham has a desk in the great granite pile on Windsor street, which is the headquarters of the company. There is a legend that he was once seen sitting at it. If this is true, it must have been a chance meeting, just as two globe-trotters might happen to come together at Singapore or Ballarat, or any other remote spot.

For, whenever any one around headquarters has a moment to spare he improves the time by ordering Ham's desk moved to a new location. That desk has worn out five sets of casters, according to official count, and is now on its sixth set in its peregrinations from room to room and floor to floor.

That is because Ham is not there to protect his rights. The last place in the world to look for Ham with any reasonable hope of finding him, is at his office. For, paradoxical as it may seem, although he has no job, he is the busiest of men.

It is something not soon to be forgotten to see George Ham dart into headquarters and then, standing at his desk, go through a stack of letters and telegrams with one hand, lay out soiled linen and repack his travel-worn black bag with the other, dictate to his stenographer, entertain a guest, be interviewed by two or three rival reporters, and talk with sundry representatives of various departments on company business, all at one and the same moment.

Ham is a haven of refuge for distressed newspaper men and a beacon of hope for those who would like to be newspaper men. Any past, present or prospective employee of any publication who needs a pass, a job, a loan, or a confidant for a troubled mind is sure to have his wants supplied if he appeals to Ham, provided that gentleman can wheedle the pass out of the passenger department or borrow the money. At least the applicant can count on consolation and wise counsel.

But George Ham performs other functions which are regarded by the management as of more importance even than these. For instance, whenever the Canadian Pacific has guests to entertain, it is Ham who acts as host. And it is surprising how many parties of Englishmen of various degrees of distinction there are requiring entertainment during the course of a year.

Also there are numerous visitors from other lands whose achievements or position are deemed to entitle them to attention from the road. That is why Ham rarely sleeps two consecutive nights in the same town.

Last summer a large party of English newspaper men came over for a tour of Canada. They were not mere working journalists, but owners and publishers, and Great Editors with reputations.

Ham was assigned to escort the party over the Canadian Pacific. So anxious was the management to make a good impression that Ham was called into secret conference and especially and particularly cautioned to be on his dignity and not to attempt any unseemly levity with such a notable assemblage.

When the party arrived in Montreal, it was received by a party of distinguished citizens in the most approved English style with such frigid solemnity that ordinary travelers passing near involuntarily buttoned their coats and turned their collars up around their ears. The visitors looked as gloomy as true Britons might be expected to look on such a hospitable occasion, and conversed in monosyllables.

Ham, who had purposely arrived late, greeted each visitor with his accustomed easy cordiality, and when he had been presented to all, horrified the anxious Canadian Pacific Railway officials by slapping the most sedate of all the great editors on the back and calling out a hearty invitation to—

"Come on, boys! This way to the dining car!" With the refreshments, Ham served out a continuous flow of jokes diluted to suit the British taste. Within an hour the gloom had rolled away like a fog-bank before a July sun. Everybody was calling him "George," and he was addressing them by any term that came handy.

Thenceforward for the eight weeks they were under Ham's charge, those Englishmen had the time of their lives. When they returned to Montreal, they gave a dinner in his honor, presented him with an elaborate dressing case, and addressed a glowing eulogy of their vicarious host to the Canadian Pacific management in a round robin.

Lord Milner in one of his Toronto speeches said that he believed the man who, next to Mr. Chamberlain, had done most to unify sentiment throughout the Empire was Colonel George Taylor Denison of Toronto.



"LATE TO THE FOLD."

One of the hundred and fifty pictures being exhibited by G. A. Farini, F.R.H.S., at 98 Yonge street. The interesting collection covers a wide range of subjects and contains many well known local bits as well as paintings and sketches from afar.

Why Moose Was Scarce at Larder City

THE constant coming and going between Toronto and Cobalt, and even points much farther away in the Northland, brings the city into touch with the wilds in a unique way. The days are far gone since the time when it took La Salle many weeks to progress from Fort Frontenac (Kingston) to the spot destined to become the site of the City of Hamilton. Within a day or two the Toronto mining investor penetrates a wilderness as pristine as that which the French explorers encountered, and about which some touches of the old romance still clings.

This autumn the stages which run from Dane station on the T. and N. O. Railway (which, by the way, is named after Mr. Fred Dane, of Toronto,) to Larder City, have been thronged with passengers from all parts of the United States, and many the yarn has been spun in the tedious ride over the wagon road. The halfway house is the spot where all passengers, coming and going, stop for food and rest.

One Toronto gentleman tells a story of how he was eating a meal there when the coach came in with a large party of Americans. They demanded moose, and were served. Throughout the meal the visitors fairly gloated over the joys of eating moose. It was worth while coming into the wilderness just for a chance of eating it. Helping after helping was given, and finally, the transients departed on their way. The Toronto man had noticed considerable amusement on the part of the attend-

ants during the meal, and after the diners had gone he asked them what they were laughing at.

"At those fellows who enjoyed the moose so much," was the reply.

"Why?"

"Well, it wasn't moose; it was simply ribs of fresh pork!"

This was not the end of the story, however, for the Toronto man, who is not only business-like, but of an inquisitive turn of mind, asked why they didn't give the visitors moose, because in the open season it was certainly the cheapest grub to be had in those parts, much less costly than pork which had to be expressed in at great expense. The response developed one of those romances of the wilderness which sound like the tales of an earlier day.

The innkeeper explained that he could not get the moose because the Indians of the neighborhood, who used to supply him had abandoned their hunting and had gone away on a long journey to seek the son of their old chief.

The young chief became so disgusted at the incoming of the pale face, a few years ago, that he deserted his tribe and fled away to the north. The old chief, a man of ninety, had been pining for the son ever since, and as the family is held in superstitious reverence by the tribe, the latter have been greatly agitated as to who would be their head in case the old man died. The son, of course, would be entitled to the honor, but if he stayed away they would be chiefless. From time to time, the tribe had heard of the young chief at some point on the innumerable streams of the Hudson Bay region, and parties have started in pursuit to find him and persuade him to come back. Quest after quest has proven fruitless, and this autumn the tribe got definite information that he was at a spot far beyond the waters of Abitibi, and had set forth again, this time with a better hope of bringing back the elusive one to his own people and to his own mourning father.

And that was why the travellers striking for Larder City got pork instead of moose.

THE DEFEATED CHEESE KING.

FOR the first time in his life the cheese king has been beaten. Alex. McLaren is no longer the member for North Perth. This is one of the new wonders. McLaren is known from rim to rim of Perth as the man who began to make cheese in a common home-made factory in the days when the whey cans were thick on the road, and who by improved methods and by statesmanship inside a cheese factory succeeded in getting himself into the front rank of the world's cheesemakers. He was the man that advertised on toothpicks. He was the genial, whole-souled "Alex," ready at a moment's notice to lean on a telephone pole and discuss the sins of governments with a man whose name he didn't even remember.

People of Perth have always taken a high pride in McLaren. He has been for years the most popular figure in the county. Nobody ever had any personal criticism to pass on "Alex." There were hundreds of Perthites who reckoned that what McLaren had a mind to say about anything in politics, from Pacific cables down to cattle-guards and the price of school books, was about the last word. Farm boys who came to the city and put up at the big hotels, smiled as broad as a basket of chips when they got through the courses and came down to pie with McLaren's cheese; and it was a pretty complicated bill of fare that had any real terrors for one of these chaps the moment he saw that name on the bottom of the list. In fact, McLaren was just about the whole cheese. He was a man to laugh with and to ride with and to eat with and to smoke with; close to the "big guns" at Ottawa as he was, he was yet reckoned an unspoiled, unassuming "Alex," who would be as much at home in a

cheese factory as in the House of Commons. But for a brief season at least the idyllic charm of that distinction has departed. McLaren is once more a common man, and the common verdict among the farmers in Perth will be: "Well, who'd have thought it?"

THE BIG DOCTOR FROM PERTH.

THE man who defeated Alex. McLaren in North Perth will be one of the biggest men in the new House. Dr. Rankin weighs somewhere in the proximity of three hundred pounds. When he drives abroad he goes in a narrow buggy capable of giving no wayfaring pilgrim a ride—not even a voter. Dr. Rankin is a broad, big, burly blond man, who as a solid citizen in a town like Stratford is hard to beat. He has been in Stratford a long time, and has been for years one of the leading medical men of that thrifty city. His only son is a winner in hockey, as the Doctor has recently been in politics—and in a hockey-mad city like Stratford this may count for something even in an election.

A few years ago nobody suspected Dr. Rankin of political ambitions. He was very busy in medicine, had a down-town office and minded his own business extremely well. He had, however, the winning smile, a warm suffusion of joviality quite the equal of the man he defeated. Besides in his years of racking buggy springs over the roads of Perth he had come to know the farmer folk. Pretty hard to find a polling sub-division or a milk-stand in that county that was not known to the huge Doctor. There was always enough merely physical life about the man to infuse energy into some of his patients, and when to his medical reputation the Doctor added the ability of a really effective stump speaker, it began to look a trifle ominous for him among the Conservatives called "The People's Alex." There is no doubt also that the Doctor had eaten a good deal of McLaren's cheese and may have recommended the same to some of his patients—except during the recent campaign.

Doctors in politics are not numerous, though in the last Ontario Legislature there were half a dozen medical gentlemen. A good many years ago a well-known doctor in Kent county made a number of unsuccessful attempts to land a seat in the Commons. He also was an exceedingly large man and better known in Kent than Rankin in Perth. Known to every farmer's dog was the eloquent and picturesque Dr. Samson, who had a reputation for platform eloquence and fetching stories. Once at a meeting of the Ontario Medical Association in Toronto, Dr. Samson rose to pay a tribute to the ex-presidents of the association.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it occurs to me that about half of our ex-presidents are dead, and a good share of the remaining half—turning to Dr. Clarke, the insanity expert, and a large man in physique—is in the Asylum," he added.

THE STUDENTS

"Oh city wise-man, can you tell
What are these strange wild forms I see?
They come in crowds that surge and swell,
Then sweep a'long with frantic yell;
And now in short, sharp barks they spell
Some mystic word—oh, mark it well,
It may be filled with purport fell.
Pray can you tell me where they dwell,
And what race they may be?"

"Oh, can you tell me why the throng
Should do the things which they have done?
I saw them run a man along—
If 'twas his wish, then I am wrong;
Before one house they banged a gong,
And sang a strange discordant song;
They took some bundles from Ching Wong,
And left them where they don't belong;
While one of them, who seemed quite strong,
Dragged down a large electric sign;
But from blue coated men they run."

"Ah, learn now little friend of mine,
That these are students having fun."

FRED J.

That Missing Baronet.

DESPATCHES in the Toronto dailies tell us that the British Ambassador at Washington has asked the American Government to try to locate Sir Genille Cave-Brown-Cave. A yard or two of information about the family history back to the time of the Conqueror is given, and also of the brave deeds and wandering adventures of the missing man. He was in the Nile Expedition, through the Boxer uprising in China, and afterwards worked as a cowboy in Arizona and as a street laborer in Kansas City. Then he inherited £10,000 and settled on a ranch. But it is said that no trace can be found of him since last January, when his father died.

There must be something mysterious about this missing baronet. It is but a few weeks ago that he was receiving a great deal of attention from the New York yellows. He had been to England and returned steerage in order to study life below deck. He was then stopping at a New York hotel, where the reporters used him in making much copy, especially in connection with his coming marriage to a girl out West. Some of the English weeklies had portraits of him in his Buffalo Bill costume. If he is again 'lost he must have a passion for sensation and a greed for advertising.

The International Medical Congress at Budapest.

THE Sixteenth International Medical Congress will be held at Budapest, Hungary, under the distinguished patronage of the Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, from the 29th of August to the 4th of September next, inclusive. A Canadian Committee to represent the medical profession of Canada at this Congress has been formed, composed as follows: Doctors W. H. B. Aikins, A. H. Garratt, Edmund B. King, Jas. M. MacCallum, Geo. R. McDonagh, A. McPhedran, H. J. Hamilton, G. Sterling Ryerson and Adam H. Wright of Toronto. Doctors H. S. Birkett and F. Shepherd of Montreal, Que.; Dr. J. D. Courtenay, Ottawa; Dr. James Third, Kingston; Dr. Ingersoll Olmsted, Hamilton; Dr. I. D. Wilson, London; Dr. Jas. H. Duncan, Chatham; Dr. S. T. Tunstall, Vancouver, B.C.; Dr. O. M. Jones, Victoria, B.C., and Dr. H. Halpenny, Winnipeg, Manitoba. The secretary of the committee is Dr. W. H. B. Aikins, 50 College street, Toronto. This is likely to be the most important medical congress held for many years, and any member of the profession of medicine in Canada who wishes to attend would do well to communicate with a member of the above committee in order to secure fuller information.



CAPTURED

FIELD DAY WITH THE MISSISSAUGA HORSE, TORONTO.

From a drawing by C. M. Duncan.

YACHT CRUISING IN EUROPE

By FRANK CARREL

Mr. Carrel was especially interested in Naples. His description of this city is concluded with the present article.

PRESENTLY we turned up a gateway, narrower than the street and which would not even admit of a pedestrian passing us, and arrived in a little courtyard behind a lot of destitute-looking houses, to find ourselves at the entrance of another church. The unhealthy odors, which were met passing through these small streets and alleyways, were fearful and it is surprising that thousands of people can live through them all.

The great Cathedral, which was the last building we visited, had a few spare feet in front of it, but in the same kind of a locality. It was an immense building with a very high, flat ceiling, covered with excellent paintings, so high up that the subjects could not be discerned, while beautifully carved woodwork adorned two balconies on either side of the middle aisle as well as the altar. At the entrance were the tombs of Charles I., of Anjou, and Charles Marle, King of Hungary, and his wife. This is the church in whose high altar are preserved two vessels containing the blood of St. Januarius. Bishop of Benevento, who suffered martyrdom under Diocletian, in 305. The liquefaction of the blood, according to the legend, took place for the first time when the body was brought to Naples by Bishop St. Severus, in the time of Constantine, and takes place twice annually during several successive days. According as the liquefaction is rapid or slow it is considered a good or evil omen for the ensuing year.

This church was being decorated for some coming fête, and hundreds of workmen were engaged all over it, while on the main floor, near the entrance, a number of priests were hearing confessions, and hundreds of women of the district, in tatters and rags, some holding children by the hands, others with cotton dresses, and bared heads covered with a dishevelled mass of hair, were all standing by waiting for their turn to enter the confessional boxes.

We returned to the hotel about dusk, satisfied with our visit to the churches, but the last mile or two of that drive was quite exciting and led up to another of the artful ways of my cabby and his clever assistant. The boy had been soliciting me at every opportunity to do some more driving with his companion on the box seat on the morrow and to make a lasting impression, I presume, the latter started up his horse at an awful pace, cracking his whip in the air to right and left and oftentimes over my head in the cultured and well trained art of the Naples cabman. We got into car tracks and jumped out again, flew around corners, almost knocked down two *gendarmes* and ever so many pedestrians, until I was glad to see the front door of the hotel without mishap. Several times, as we were flying along at this mad pace, the boy would turn around in high glee and say: "Fine horse, gentleman—fine horse, gentleman—you like him well?" He would also ask me if I was quite satisfied every time I came out of a church and was always on the alert to do something to add to his usefulness, and thereby earn an indebtedness to him which might be considered worth something at the finish of the drive, which had to be met in the usual manner. He even went so far as to inform me that there were plenty of thieves in Naples, and many among the cabmen, and to be very careful. There is, however, one thing in favor of the Naples jehu—his tariff by the hour is very reasonable; only about thirty cents in our money, which, with their tip, or "macaroni," as they are wont to call it, brings the total up to about forty cents.

THIS was to be my last night in Naples, so I decided to approach the other guests of the hotel and learn something about them. For the few days I had sat in the same dining-room some of them had interested me, and the interest developed into curiosity. The reason for my aloofness in a small hotel is very simple. The moment you become acquainted, which comes about with a very matter-of-course introduction, performed without more etiquette than a casual remark about nothing in particular or a reference to the

weather, you are deprived of much time, which is necessary to one who has other duties to perform than that of simple sight-seeing. This evening, however, in order to gratify my curiosity, I gave up going to the opera, which, with its funny orchestra leader, I had greatly desired to see again before leaving Naples. I was very glad that I had not made friends with my fellow boarders any sooner, for the many tales of plunder they told me would have frightened the life out of me if I had been told of them the first day I reached Naples. I was beginning to doubt the guide book tales warning travellers to Naples against going out into the streets alone after dark, or even carrying valuable jewelry or a surplus of money about them, as well as the advice I had received at the station against allowing small baggage to be placed in front of the box with the driver for fear of it being carried off or stolen; but from what I heard that night, I realized the value of such hints when travelling in Southern Italy.

The subject was brought up by the busy wife of the proprietor of my hotel, who strutted about looking after everyone and after everybody's comfort, while her husband seemed to take a secondary position in the background. She espied a pearl pin in my cravat and begged me to leave it in the safe of the hotel, lest it might be snatched off my tie.

It seemed almost incredible that such things could occur on the main streets of Naples, but she showed me her ear, where an imitation pearl had been torn from it in December last, and the lady I was talking to related a similar experience which happened the week before, and another case a few days previous, when a gentleman friend was relieved of a watch and chain, and the most recent story of such crime had just occurred that same evening. There was a Dutch dinner going on in the dining room and a Swiss orchestra was in attendance. One of the players was not in Tyrolean costume, which was accounted for by his bag containing his clothing being taken from him while on the way to the hotel.

It seems that this thieving is a special art in Naples, undertaken by bands of thieves and worked out in a systematic manner. One of them approaches you, quickly grabs anything in sight and starts to run. You follow, and in the twinkling of an eye find yourself sprawling all over the ground, tripped up by one of his confederates in the plot. They also do some clever light-fingered work. They can relieve a man of his pocket book from the inside pocket of his waistcoat before he is even aware of it. A fellow-passenger on our yacht lost \$250 in this way. All he could tell was that two Italians bumped up against him and shortly afterwards, when he looked for his wallet, it was gone. It is most regrettable that Naples, suffering from the direst poverty, should be steadily earning a reputation of this kind, which is growing worse each year, and which does the mendicant class as well as the population in general much harm and results in a great loss to all, as the visitors become so hardened to the nuisance that they have no pity or compassion for the thousands of beggars, who are nothing more than pests of the worst sort, and can only be kept at a distance by a display of anger, loud words and a threat to call a policeman or *gens d'armes*, who are constantly patrolling the streets. Oftentimes, one feels like throwing out a few pennies to some really deserving-looking old woman or man, but for fear of being immediately surrounded by perhaps a half a hundred other eager hands and making the situation extremely embarrassing, as I discovered to my cost on several occasions.

Going along the streets the cabmen have a habit of attracting your attention by calling out in chorus "Hi! Hi!" The moment you look their way you are made the winning post for a mad race, a few examples of which teach you to treat them with a perfect indifference, difficult though this may be.

There are more policemen in the streets of Naples than can be seen in any other town of Italy, and yet none seems so lawless. But I must not allow my readers to be led into a wrong impression of this city, which should not be missed in a trip to the Mediterranean, for there is no

second Pompeii or Herculaneum or Vesuvius anywhere else in the world.

It is most deplorable to see how the gross population of Naples is to-day defaming the magnificence and grandeur of the great works of art, grace and beauty of the past, by which they are surrounded, with the basest exposure of what is low, degrading and almost below the conception of mortal man. Young men who have been to Naples, as I have, in the youthful bloom of manhood, will know what I mean, and those who remain ignorant of the actual condition of affairs at that place have not seen all there is to be seen in Naples, and perhaps they are to be congratulated upon the fact.

THE women are evidently great talkers, the men great gamblers and the boys great gamblers in the city of Naples. The street population, which is, in fact, almost the entire population, pass most of their lives in these three vocations, and in the most energetic manner. On the afternoon of a holiday I drove through the city. On the broad thoroughfares the women were in little groups by themselves, around the door places of one another's houses, half of them with young babies in their arms, with faces as careworn and haggard as a life of toil, misery and starvation can make them, talking to one another, sometimes in a serious and sometimes in a humorous manner, but all the while adding importance to the subject by quickly gesticulating arms and hands, before the interested audience. Out on the sidewalk were men sitting around small tables, barrels or boxes, all absorbed in gambling with cards. On the street the boys were engaged in a variety of games, one of which was played with two oranges, which were probably the prizes for the winner. The boys divide into sides, when there are more than two playing, and then stand ten feet apart with the oranges in line one with the other a little in advance of each set of players. The first player stoops down, measures the distance and the straightness of the imaginary line between the fruit with his eye, as a carpenter would along a piece of board he was planning to see if it were level. When the player is satisfied with the position of the two oranges he takes up a small stick, about the size and shape of a foot rule, holding it with both hands at the ends, with which he hits one of the oranges in the centre, endeavoring to send it over and make a carom on the other. This is followed by a similar effort on the part of the other side, and the one making the largest number of successful hits or caroms wins the oranges.

But the principal game, which is played by the old as well as the young, in a manner resembling the American or Canadian toss-up, is carried out with the fingers, and is known as "match fingers." There is evidently a leader who throws his closed hand down, and as he raises it he displays so many fingers, at the same time calling out the number. The others have to do the same, and the one who can match him takes the lead, and the one who makes the most "leads" wins. In almost every case I witnessed this game played, there always seemed to be an orange or several as the prize.

ON my last morning in Naples the sun shone spasmodically, but the night had been a cold one and Mount Vesuvius was covered with a white mantle of snow. It was Sunday morning as the bus of our hotel jolted over the flat lava stones which paved the streets of Naples and I had an opportunity of seeing how very little reverence or respect for the Sabbath is shown by the motley crowd of inhabitants. The stores were open and it did not seem like a day of holy observance to them. It was about nine o'clock and we drove a long distance to get to the railway station, where the porter of our hotel superintended the disposition of my luggage and instructed me as to what was the customary tip for the porters who handled it, before it was finally placed on board the train. The proceedings from the time I commenced to disburse small change to the chamber maid, then the waiter, head waiter, boots, valet, porter, lift boy, door boy, two boys I had never seen before, and who turned up for the occasion with hand-

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some hotel uniforms, and the whole regiment of men at the station, caused me to make a list and arrive at a total of what it cost to leave my hotel at Naples, which is only a sample of the hotel system in this part of the world, as follows:

Chamber maid, 40 cents; water, 50 cents; head waiter, 50 cents; boots, 20 cents; valet, 20 cents; porter, 20 cents; lift boy, 10 cents; door boy, 10 cents; two boys I had never seen before and who presented hungry looks alongside of the lift and door boys, (10 cents each) 20 cents; the concierge, 20 cents; the bus driver, 10 cents; the porter for carrying the baggage from the bus into the station to be weighed, tariff, 5 cents; head station porter for informing me what to do, 15 cents; the ticket station puncher, who made a bluff to hold up my three small pieces as being too heavy to carry on the train, 20 cents; a porter who carried them on the train, tariff, 10 cents, but as I had nothing less in my pocket, having run out of small change, 20 cents; total, \$3.30.

The above will give one a slight idea of the numerous leeches which have to be settled with before leaving one of Italy's hotels, after a few days' visit. It might have been done for less, but it would require a bag of penny pieces or coppers to do it with. Even the hotels have a careful way of making up your bill, with so many extras that you wonder how they keep track of them all. For instance, when I arrived at this hotel, I was informed that my room, with meals, electric light and service, was about \$3 a day, but when I got my bill the following additions were on it: eggs at breakfast, 5 cents each; bath (supplying my own towels and soap), 60 cents; coffee at lunch and dinner, 20 cents; so that all these little odds and ends of charges man-

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Lady Gay's Column

AMONG the many stirring interests which are taking up the thoughts and efforts of good people these days, one is the comfort of the girls and women who have gone out into the world to work for themselves, and sometimes for others—the brave, self-denying sort of people whom one instinctively respects. The good people (and by this I mean not only the sanctimonious, but all who love their neighbors and desire their comfort and happiness) have lately had a great awakening as to the stupendous value of a healthy, vigorous body to these busy workers, and gymnasiums are having a big boom in consequence. If a working girl or woman ever finds out the inestimable value of a brisk rub after a cold morning sponge, of certain sane and useful exercises of the head, trunk and limbs, of deep breaths of pure fresh air, she will have a knowledge which she cannot cherish too carefully. The good people know this, and are wisely and gently teaching the gospel of cleanliness and exercise. In a short while, all you kind folk who know the gospel aforesaid to be a good gospel will have the opportunity of helping it, by meeting "tag-day" with pleasant fortitude and good will. Tag-day is being arranged to give each of you a share in securing a gymnasium and swimming tank in a new building in McGill street, for the pleasure and profit of hundreds of fine women and girls who are in business positions in our city. When the tagger encounters you, with her little rosette and her smiling request to allow her to tag you, have your coin ready and hand it over without grudging, for it will be spent in a good cause.

A stranger coming among us recently with much Imperialism fizzing within him, has avowed himself disappointed with Canadians, who are, so he says, not sufficiently enthusiastic in matters concerning the Empire, defence and so forth. We are a busy people in this part of the Empire, too busy to sit about and theorize, or stand about and orate, too busy working for the needs of to-day to worry about the possible calls of next decade. Not a money grubbing lot, but a busy lot, with our hands full of useful work, no time to pick quarrels with our neighbors or hatch plots and schemes and go about with a chip on our shoulder. Our women are generally so heart and soul taken up with woman's work (the finest task known) that they have no time to squabble with the men over suffrage, or go to jail as disorderlies for the cause. We are too busy and contented and thankful to even resent the criticism of any passing guest whom we disappoint by our pre-occupation. We're just too busy, that's all.

I wonder which student smashed the glass in the news stand at Simcoe and King streets as "the gang" marched down to the Station to meet the School of Science men, home from Buffalo, last Saturday night. For its up to that lad to make good the damage, and settle with the woman who sells papers in that little stand, and whose slender means were robbed to pay for replacing that glass on Monday. It is such a small mean thing, that act of vandalism, that I boiled with indignation while I heard the patient voice neither resentful nor asking for sympathy, but just stating the fact. I would not be the young gentleman who smashed that glass for a handful of dollars!

This is not a book review column, but now and then I find myself moved to notice a new book. Have you seen and read Estelle Kerr's delightful little gift book for the small folks, rhymes and illustrations about Volendam, that dear place in Holland, where Miss Kerr has spent happy months and I a happy hour or so? Little Sam, the visitor, is enchanted with Volendam and its quaint wise little folk, its windmills that crack jokes and its busy small girls, ever knitting, knitting, knitting. I am sending "Little Sam in Volendam" to a serious-minded child across the seas, whom I know he will send into raptures. No nicer gift (why wait until Christmas?) could be bought for the child who is beginning to think for himself than Estelle Kerr's artistic Dutch foolishness.

They were giving toasts at the Hallowe'en supper. "Here's to the light that lies in woman's eyes, and lies, and lies, and lies!" said the

club-rounder. "And here's tae ye, an' I'll tak' it myself," said the canny Scot, draining his glass. "And here's to our sweethearts and our wives; may they never meet!" chirped an innocent-looking old reprobate. "Here's to the woman who minds her business and minds her business alone; for there's many one minding another one's business when she ought to be minding her own!" sang the saucy girl, with the mug of cider. And so they kept it up until the City Hall clock struck one, and at the lone-full clang of Big Ben, everyone stood, and with bent heads and in silence waited a moment, and then drank a toast without words. It is the toast of Hallowe'en, to the dear ones gone to their rest. And the bright room was full of their presence, the stalwarts and the graceful girls and the aged and the little children, how they pressed about us, and how we held our breath, and how our hearts grew faint in beating and our eyes dim! The silent toast of Hallowe'en between the seconds that begin the day of All Souls, when orthodox or otherwise, the loving loyal heart bursts with a big unspoken prayer for our dead! God be good to them.

LADY GAY.

Correspondence Column

The above COUPON must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

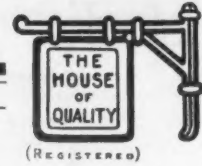
Dolly Varden.—You did not enclose former delineation that I might compare it with to-day's writing. Anyhow, with hundreds waiting, I cannot possibly do your writing again.

Ethel B.—September 3 brings you under Virgo, an earth sign. You should cultivate charity, patience and friendliness, and curb exaction in regard to others. Virgo people are the natural caretakers and successors of humanity, the heart of the world and the hidden fire of the earth.

Dorothy Duckfoot.—Let me whisper in your ear! It is often worse than useless to spend time in self-dissection. You have certain bad qualities, perhaps you'll never really find them out. There is no use rooting after them. The thing to do, in character building and purifying, is to have a lofty ideal, and avoid all things beneath it. Thus, insensibly, inevitably, you will starve out the baseness that lurks in every human being, and strengthen the good and the beautiful that is sure to be in every one. Its no use sweeping and garnishing the house and leaving it empty. Fill it with noble thoughts and actions, and it's the garbage heap for lesser things. This might be read by many of my correspondents with profit. January 9 brings you under Capricorn, an earth sign, and one peculiarly needing good handling and softening influences. Its children can always run their own affairs and if they concentrate their energies are always successful. Patience, goodwill, and modest self-appreciation are very hard for some capricorns to acquire. They should have a business education and, while avoiding miserly ways, should strive to earn and save even in a small way. The Capricorn wish is to do big things, but sometimes "little steps lead to the top." To question and doubt is often the danger of this fine sign, which adores intellect. There is good individuality and energy in your writing.

Seaweed.—November 9. Many happy returns to you and His Majesty. This is under Scorpio, a water sign, and very powerful. A sage says: "The world can rejoice every time a Scorpio person is born." That's something for you and King Edward to live up to. Your question about the friend of July is not possible. I should require to know the development and disposition before guaranteeing that the union would be harmonious. Generally speaking, fire and water don't get along very pleasantly. July 27 is under Leo, a fire sign, July 22 to August 21, inclusive. Your writing is impulsive, frank and exceedingly positive. You have some originality but lack discretion and poise.

Avordupois.—This is a clever, conventional and somewhat stiff mentality; exaggeration and lack of judgment are combined with narrow-mindedness. You are opinionated, fond of good things, active and un-



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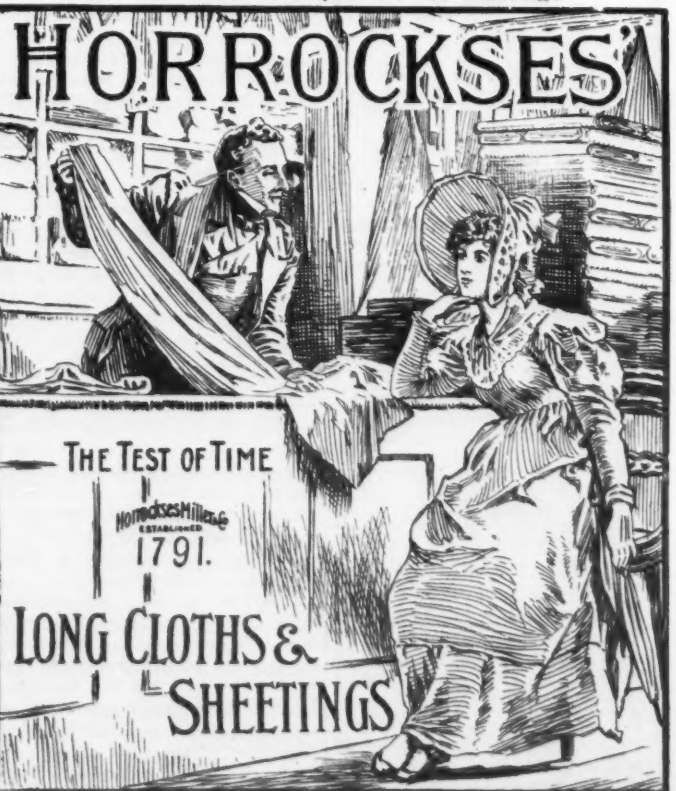
HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

compromising, a character of acute angles and strong feelings. There is love of power and a charming buoyancy in it, and I fancy the word of the writer is as good as a bond.

Thora K.—Your birthday brings you under Gemini, an air sign, and as liable to restless impulse as the wind. Your writing shows a generous, bountiful and rather material nature, fond of ease and good things and liable to concern yourself very little with reforms and remedies. It is fairly pleasant to look at and stands reading well, since you ask my opinion, but is not very interesting as a study, lacking the subtler traits. There is a curious note of caution in it; with all your apparent frankness, you can conceal if needful. You have a power which might be very valuable, if your love of ease and self-indulgence gives it a chance. I should fancy you a pleasant person to live with.

March Hare.—A great desire for the love of everyone is a boss recipe for a bad time in this world. The desire for love and the impulse to love are so opposite that the difference is worthy of consideration. To love much is and has ever been the way of salvation to the emotional soul. But to hunger for and demand the love of others is the surest way not to get it, and to be in consequence miserable. March 26 brings you under the cusp of Pisces-Aries, and your experience is remarkable with such a strong nature as you should have. Women under this influence are noted for having many strings to their bow, and seldom settling down to union with one. Pisces, the feet, and Aries, the head, combine power to plan, inaugurate, and carry to completion a variety of projects and undertakings. A great loyalty, warm heart and cool passions make these people what they are truly called, "the consolers of the world." If you haven't realized this noble height yet, dear lady, brace up and climb. It's well worth while.

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THE DRAMA



CHARLES CHERRY



RUTH MAYCLIFFE

The principals in Clyde Fitch's comedy, "Girls," coming to the Princess Theatre next week. Mr. Cherry, who has the leading role, will star next season in a new Fitch comedy to be produced by the Shuberts.

OUR POET AT THE PRINCESS.

Oh, a Daniels come to judgment!
 And, as he supplies the Hook,
 Can he blame us if he gets it
 As we on his antics look?
 Yes, we judge that he deserves it
 For his actions, inasmuch
 As at Holland sauce and capers
 He most surely beats the Dutch.

With his thoughts about his tailor
 We most deeply sympathize
 As we watch the pained expression
 In his acrobatic eyes.
 For each year he comes to see us
 Worse and worse his stage clothes fit,
 But his nature is so cheerful
 That he just makes fun of it.

Though he has one consolation—
 It must be a pleasant thing—
 As he makes some jesting sally
 To have Sally dance and sing.
 And to watch this little lady
 Fly her kite through leafy trees.
 Doubtless, though, the kite is anxious
 Such a charming Miss to please.

We would ask the English authors,
 As we watch that Second Act,
 If the place there represented
 Has a counterpart in fact.
 If we asked them very nicely
 Would they send us the address?
 Once we got upon the pay-roll
 We could stand the work, we guess.

As they dance and sing and gossip
 All the working hours away
 In this pleasant situation,
 We must wonder who's to pay.
 The fun from out the calcium's centre
 Comes an answer, low and hoarse,
 (Can it be the voice of Daniels?)
 "Why, the audience, of course!"
 ASHTAR.

LAST week on this page some words of praise were given to Elsie Janis for her naturalness, her liveliness, and her sparing use of theatrical posings, eye-makings, and grease-paint. It was pointed out that such is the reason of her popularity, and the hope was expressed that other rising young stage folk, with much more ability, would take a lesson from her in this regard. As if in answer to the pleadings and suggestions made along this line, we are offered this week a play in which all the girls are extremely natural, so much so that they will make us forget we are at the theatre. This, at all events, is the description we are given in advance of "Girls," the Clyde Fitch comedy which comes to the Princess for a week's engagement next Monday. There are three of these girls, and it is said that they simply live in public the private life of a trio of bachelor maids, who declare frequently and solemnly their purpose to be independent of men, and whose vows are broken in the same delightful way that such vows have been broken since the first woman made up her mind she could live without the first man, and then found she couldn't.

The play opens in a studio, shared by the three independent man-haters. It gives the spectator a graphic picture of how it is possible to live and keep up appearances on a small and uncertain income. Even the way in which a studio—which is also a living-room, dining-room, and kitchen—is converted into a sleeping apartment for three by the making up of a folding bed, a sofa and a Morris chair, is depicted with realism.

A day comes when a young man, by mistake, enters hurriedly from the hall. He escapes across an air shaft on a bridge hastily improvised from a mantel-board, but his brief stay has been long enough to entirely upset the future of the delightful Adamless Eden. A theatrical manager and a law clerk complete the work begun by the hero, and at the end of the third act it is very evident that a "To Let" sign will replace the belongings of the bachelor maids almost immediately.

The comedy is said to be novel and highly amusing.

The offering selected by the Imperial Opera Company for the eleventh week of their season at the Royal Alexandra is "The Mikado," starting Saturday matinee. Of all the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, with the possible exception of "Pinafore," the one that has received the greatest popularity is "The Mikado." In Europe, Amer-

ica and Asia it is known and recognized as a masterpiece of its kind, and it is sure to survive as long as there is a liking for comic opera.

Everyone knows the tale of the humane ruler of Japan and his wandering minstrel of a son, of Ko-Ko, of the three maidens from school, of Pooh Bah and his greed for more offices to fill and more money to gain, of Katisha and her forlorn old maidhood.

"The Mikado" is as young, as fresh and enchanting as it was twenty years ago. Its satire has no local or timely flavor that will evaporate with age. The human weaknesses and foibles it strikes at are universal and may be enjoyed as much in Paris as in London, in Rome as in Berlin, in St. Petersburg as Tokyo, in Toronto as New York.

This production has been most handsomely staged by the Imperials, exceptional care and study having been devoted to making the scenery and costumes the most effective yet offered by the home company.

In the cast of "The Mikado" Miss Agnes Cain-Brown will appear as Yum-Yum, Miss Carrie Reynolds as Pitti Sing, Miss Elvia Crox as Katisha, Miss Rubie Leslie, Clarence Harvey as Ko-Ko, Harry Girard as Pooh-Bah, George Le Soir as the Mikado of Japan, Carl Haydn as Nanki-Poo, W. H. Pringle as Pish Tush.

Next week at Shea's Theatre the dainty English comedienne, Lily Lena, heads the bill—an unusually attractive one, which includes Julius Steger and Company, presenting "The Fifth Commandment," Joseph Adelmann, Robledillo, Harry Allister, Hawthorne and Burt, Myers and Rosa, and the kinetograph.

We have the word of a reliable agent for it that it is much easier to count the stars in the blue sky than the laughs in the two extremely funny burlettas and the array of vaudeville features in the "Hastings Show," which make up the offering for next week at the Gayety Theatre. While "Frolicsome Frolics," the first of the two comical skits, presents an endless number of dazzling scenic effects in its three scenes, the closing burletta, entitled "A Summer's Night," is billed on comedy lines exclusively, affording the dozen merry-makers of the company all possible opportunities to present themselves in a continuous whirl of humor. They are cleverly assisted in their fastidious work by nearly two scores of bewitching girls.

The elaborateness of costumes, scenic and electrical effects are in keeping with the whole, which, in conjunction with the vaudeville array, make up an entertainment sure to please Gayety patrons. Those chiefly responsible for the comedy and humor of the "Hastings Show" are: Harry Hastings and Viola Sheldon, Thos. Coyne, Varden Perry and Wilber, Mildred Flora, Howard and Lewis, Mlle. Iada, Campbell and Brady.

According to gossip picked up at the Princess Theatre, Charles Cherry who is the leading man with Shubert Brothers' production of Clyde Fitch's comedy, "Girls," which is to appear at that theatre next week, is to star next year under the same management in a new comedy by Clyde Fitch. Mr. Cherry, before leaving England, was a leading member of Sir John Hare's company. He left that country about nine years ago for America. Here he was at once taken up by one of the leading producing managers, and within a short time after his arrival he was selected as leading man for Mary Manning. Later he acted in the same capacity for Maxine Elliott, appearing in Toronto several times. In his present play, "Girls," Mr. Cherry has the role of a bright, care-free, young lawyer. The title of his next vehicle has not yet been selected, but the principal part has been written



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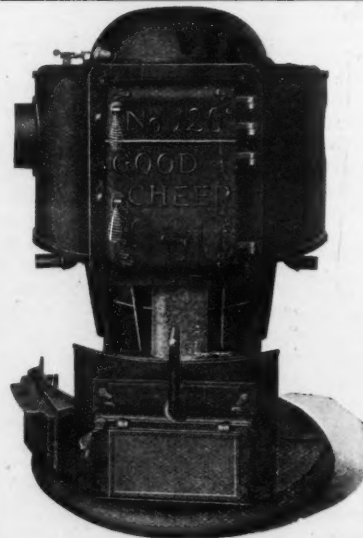
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to especially fit Mr. Cherry's pleasing personality.

"Miss Hook of Holland" was known everywhere as a first-rate musical comedy. But when it was changed to "Hook of Holland," to provide Frank Daniels with a medium for his peculiar stunts in comedy, a few of us anyway felt that the piece was in a fair way to being spoiled. However, the "Dutch musical incident," as it is now called, with Mr. Daniels in the leading role, has been at the Princess this week; and it has afforded us an agreeable surprise. The last time Daniels was here he seemed at the point of going stale; his grotesque mannerisms palled on a good many people, and the audiences he attracted were rather small. In "Hook," however, he is better than ever. He has toned down his eye-brow manipulations and other facial contortions, and approaches nearer to genuine comedy than he ever did; and certainly never in his life has he appeared in a better production. "Hook of Holland" is away above the average of musical comedies. Indeed, this work of Paul Rubens approaches the standard of comic opera—the best brand of comic opera. The music is good, scarcely any of the songs being of the common, tinkling variety. The company, too, is excellent; and the production, as a production, is a fine one, of course—Charles Frohman has seen to that.

Special commendation is due to Adele Rowland, a most sprightly and entertaining dancer and singer; to

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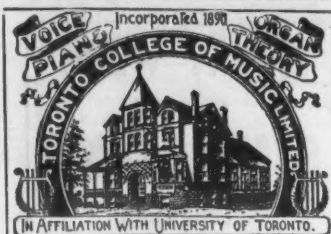
Will Danforth, a low-comedy artist of much ability; and to dainty Christie Macdonald.

Those who have not been to the Princess this week have missed a real treat. The "show" is very good indeed. And to you, Mr. Frank Daniels, go our congratulations. We have laughed with you this week more heartily than at any time in the past.

Mrs. Knicker—How did you know your husband was working down in

the office? Mrs. Youngbride—I telephoned, and Central said "Busy."—New York Sun.

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MUSIC



IT is unfortunate that the copy for this column must be in the hands of the compositor before the Sheffield Choir arrives in the city, so that in this issue it is but possible to extend a cordial welcome to Dr. Coward, his great choir and his friends. This visit is of more importance than we can possibly realize at the present time, ranking second to nothing save a visit from a member of the Royal family as a mark of courtesy, and rivalling even that as a means of bringing Canada and England into closer touch and understanding, through the personal friendships that will be formed, and knowledge at first hand of how we really feel and what we are doing.

From Montreal have come the most eulogistic accounts of the opening concert, proving that the long sea voyage did not damp the art and ardor of the conductor and his singers. If they can do so well immediately after landing from a rough passage, by the time they have a week of our ozone they will be able to surpass themselves. Whatever may be done for them elsewhere, Toronto will have no cause to blush for the reception that has been prepared for the distinguished guests. No pains have been spared to impress upon them the heartiness of our greeting. At the civic reception, preceding the drive round the city, Mr. Fletcher and his Schubert Choir, will sing Elgar's arrangement of "God Save the King," Dr. T. B. Richardson's arrangement of "O Canada," and Theodore Martin's arrangement of "The Maple Leaf." After the first concert Dr. Vogt and the Mendelssohn Choir will give a banquet and Friday afternoon Mrs. H. C. Cox opens her beautiful house in Queen's Park for a reception in their honor. But all this is yesterday's news, yet I could not let it pass without mention.

NEXT to the concerts of the Sheffield Choir the most notable event of the week has been the annual concert of the Toronto College of Music, and I wish that Dr. Coward could have been there to hear what is being done in Toronto along educational lines. The programme was one that any institution of music might be proud to offer to the public, and the performance of it reflects great credit on the director, Dr. F. H. Torrington. It was a fine tribute to him and his work that so large an audience greeted him last Monday night at Massey Hall and heartily applauded those taking part. The most notable success was achieved by one of the Doctor's vocal pupils, Miss Evelyn Ashworth, who sang Ven- zane's Magnetic Waltz so beautifully that the rule forbidding encores had to be abrogated. Other vocalists were the Misses Casey, Mr. Albert Perrins, who has a fine tenor voice, and Mr. Lorne Marshall. The Misses Margaret Casey and Olive Scholey, and the Messrs. Perrin and Marshall gave a delightful rendering of the great Rigoletto Quartette, and the Misses Ashworth and Scholey, and the Messrs. J. D. Richardson, J. E. Fiddes, Perrins and A. V. Leithauer were loudly applauded for their spirited and artistic interpretation of the immortal Lucia Sextette. Mr. Richardson's unusually beautiful baritone voice was thrilling, particularly in the concerted work. He is undoubtedly one of our very best singers.

Among the pianists were Miss Olive Blain, who played the Mendelssohn Caprice Brilliant with fluent technique; Miss Dorothy B. Graham, the first movement of the Beethoven C Minor Concerto; Miss Mamie McDonald, two movements of the Rubinstein Concerto, Opus 70; Miss Alma Clarke, the Liszt E Flat Concerto, in which she showed fine technique and that musicianly authority that most of Dr. Torrington's pupils have; and Miss Dollie Blair, of whom we expect more and more each year, and are never disappointed, as her playing of the Schubert-Liszt Fantasia Concerto was as brilliant as one could wish, and her accompaniments were perfectly played.

It was a pleasure to hear Mr. Easter Smith, the violinist, who has recently come out from England to join the faculty of the college. Mr. Smith played the Air Varié, by Vieuxtemps, most artistically. His tone is round, pure and very telling, and he fully merits all the good things that were said of him before he came out. Dr. Torrington's orchestra furnished the accompaniments for the various num-

bers very creditably, and contributed not a little to a splendid concert.

ONE of the greatest singers Ireland has given to the world will be here in December, at the Princess. Joseph O'Mara has one of the finest tenor voices I have ever heard, and he is one of nature's noblemen. I heard him at Covent Garden, as David, in The Master Singers, with the De Reszkes and Eames in the cast, and since then he has been wonderfully successful in Carmen, Tannhauser, Lohengrin and other romantic parts. For three reasons he was the idol of Broadway in The Highwayman and The Three Dragons. It is a treat to hear him. Some idea of how much he is appreciated at home may be gained from the fact that the Princess of Wales, Cardinal Logue, and the Archbishop of Westminster, were patrons of his last concert.

IT is regrettable to hear that Mr. David Ross has been lured across the line—we need him here. He begins his new duties the first Sunday in December, but will spend at least three days of the week in Toronto. He began his season before the Women's Morning Musical Club, singing Liza Lehmann's In Memoriam. Monday he is to sing the bass role in Elgar's The Light of Life, with the Jarvis street Baptist church choir, and he is also engaged to sing The Messiah in Winnipeg.

LAST Saturday Mrs. Stewart Houston inaugurated an interesting series of morning talks on musical subjects at the studio of the Women's Art Association, with the Sheffield Choir as her first topic. She had the very able assistance of Dr. Vogt, who gave an analysis of Dr. Coward and his work. Next Saturday she will give an appreciation of Mme. Galski and Mme. Calve.

H AVERGAL COLLEGE has recently added a thoroughly trained musician to its staff, in the person of Miss Josephine Scruby, who holds a certificate from the Royal Academy of Music, London, Eng., as a teacher of singing and the violin. In addition to her work at the Academy, Miss Scruby has had training from William Nicholl, F.R.A.M., Mrs. Hutchinson, of the Royal College of Music, and a year in Paris under Riva Berni, King Clark and Mme. Rochefort (Diction Professor). Arrangements can be made for private lessons at Miss Scruby's studio, Havergal College, 350 Jarvis street.

MISS CHRISTIE MACDONALD, the prima donna of "Hook of Holland," is as charming as ever, and sings as artistically as she did the day she left the studio. This is saying a great deal when one knows how many young singers have

thrown away their chances of future success for the applause of an unthinking public, which induces the tyro to go beyond his limits. Miss MacDonald has always given the audience the best she had, but she has also held herself well in hand, consequently she is one of the most consistent artists in light opera.

THE At Home of the Women's Morning Musical Club, held at St. Margaret's College last Saturday, was very enjoyable. Both, Miss Cornelia Heintzman played beautifully, and Mr. Blachford has never played better. Mrs. Mackelcan was in splendid voice and sang delightfully, as also did Mr. Carl Hunter and Mr. Arthur Howard Blight, who was very successful with Walthew's Eldorado. Mr. Hunter's two Beethoven songs were heartily appreciated. Mrs. H. M. Blight, who holds a most individual place as an accompanist, was at the piano. The season's work of the club began on Thursday with a recital of Liza Lehmann's setting of Tennyson's In Memoriam, sung by Mr. David Ross.

Mr. Sherlock is hard at work on The Creation, which the Toronto Oratorio Society will present with eminent soloists and an orchestra of forty, in Massey Hall, January 28. Mr. Sherlock will be pleased to hear from choristers with good voices who would like to join the society. He can be reached by Phone, Main 6107.

Mrs. Gerard Barton, after a summer's study with Miss Gertrude Pepercorn, in England, has resumed her teaching at the Conservatory, where she has a large class. Miss Dean and Mr. Lissant Beardmore have engaged her for their recitals this month, as accompanist.

The vacancy on the directorate of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, caused by the death of the late Mr. W. B. McMurrich, has been filled by the election of Mr. W. K. George as second vice-president, and of Mr. G. T. Somers as a member of the Board of Directors.

Mr. Schuch's Opera Singers will perform Gilbert and Sullivan's romantic opera, "Iolanthe," under the auspices of the Argonaut Rowing Club, at Massey Music Hall, Dec. 10, 11 and 12, with a fine cast of principals, an excellent chorus, a special orchestra and a ballet of children.

Miss Alice Dean, violinist, announces a recital at the Conservatory of Music on Nov. 20, when she will be assisted by Mr. Lissant Beardmore, tenor. Miss Dean has spent several years abroad, where she studied with

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Edward Fisher, Mus. Doc.
Musical Director

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A. EASTER SMITH
Fellow College Violinist, London,
Eng. Professor of Violin and Viola.
Toronto College of Music.
Violin Recital at The College Hall,
Wednesday, Nov. 18th, 1908.

the best masters, notably Antonio de Grassi, the distinguished concert master, Prague, and Sevcik, the celebrated Bohemian violin maestro. Miss Dean was known four years ago as a violinist of exceptional ability, her technique and expression even then being pronounced almost faultless, so that since her training abroad her friends anticipate a rare musical treat and await her coming recital with much enthusiasm.

The winter term at the Toronto Conservatory of Music opens on Tuesday next, the 10th of November. The enrollment of students has been most satisfactory, and the attendance will likely exceed that of any previous season.

MELOS.
Babylon.
LIKE magic architects the winds have made
Of radiant clouds a city in the air,
Temples and citadels and gardens fair,
With all the show of pompous art displayed;
Burnished and dyed with every fleeting shade
Of sunset—gold and rose and emerald rare—
Until a phantom Babylon is there,
A crown of blooming stars upon her head.

The tangled constellations wane and die,
The witchery of waking dawn entwines
A wreath of primrose glory in the sky
And all the Orient incarnadines—
Lo, Babylon has vanished with the night
And whither have the builders taken flight!
—William F. McCormack, in New York Sun.

IT'S NONE TOO SOON
to think about holiday gifts, particularly if they are to be photographs from the Kennedy studio, 107 King street west, as Mr. Kennedy is particular and will not accept rush orders at the last moment for Christmas delivery. An unusually large number of sittings are already booked and prompt action is a necessity. Mr. Kennedy prefers losing business to disappointing his patrons. Every one of taste should see the exquisite specimens on view at the studio.

"Of course," said the optimist, "if a man gets into the habit of hunting trouble he's sure to find it." "Yes," replied the pessimist, "and if he's so lazy that he always tries to avoid it, it will find him. So what's the difference?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

"When they take woman away from the co-educational college," said the speaker, "what will follow?" "I will," cried a voice from the audience.—Success.

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Programme
November 18th, Professor Alexander, (University College), "Jane Austen." December 3rd, President Falconer, (University of Toronto), "Greek Sculpture." December 10th, Prof. Carruthers, (University College), "The Ancient Greek Theatre." January 14th, Professor Wallace, (University College), "Early Church Drama." January 21st, Canadian Writers, Their Work. January 28th, Dr. Richard Burton, (University of Minnesota), "Modern Romance." February 18th, Miss Thomas, "A Midsummer Night's Dream." February 25th, Rev. J. A. Macdonald, (Editor of The Globe), Browning Readings. March 11th, Women's Musical Club of Toronto, Musicales. March 25th, Mrs. Scott Kait, "Irish Drama."
These Lecture-Recitals are to be given on Thursday evenings beginning at 8.15, with the exception of Dr. Richard Burton's lecture which comes on Saturday evening, January 30th.
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Synopsis of Canadian North-west

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even-numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 36, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at any Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

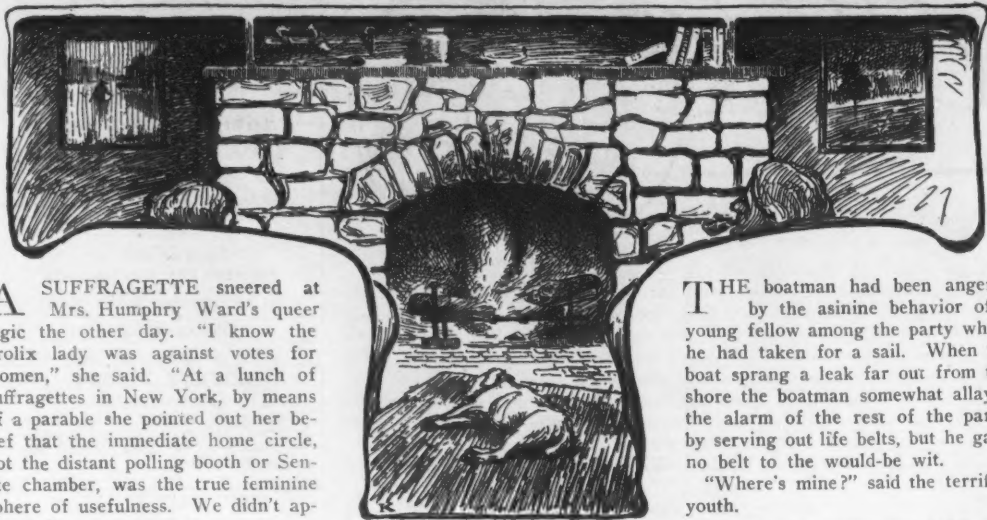
Duties.—(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.
(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. He may also do so by living with father or mother, on certain conditions. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

W. W. COBY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

ANECDOTAL



A SUFFRAGETTE sneered at Mrs. Humphry Ward's queer logic the other day. "I know the prolix lady was against votes for women," she said. "At a lunch of suffragettes in New York, by means of a parable she pointed out her belief that the immediate home circle, not the distant polling booth or Senate chamber, was the true feminine sphere of usefulness. We didn't applaud, I assure you."

"She said an aged Scot told his minister that he was going to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land."

"And while I'm there," said the pilgrim, complacently, "I'll read the Ten Commandments aloud frae the top o' Mount Sinai."

"Saunders," said the minister, "tak' my advice. Bide at home and keep them."

ROSECRANS W. PILLSBURY, of New Hampshire, who has been defeated twice for the Republican nomination for Governor, turned up at his office bright and early on the morning after his second rejection by the party convention, and told his friends this story:

A man was once walking along the street when a door flew open and a man came bumping down the steps to the sidewalk. Picking him up the pedestrian asked what was the matter.

"That's my club in there," said the projectile. "It's a political club; there are nine Jones men, and I'm for Smith. They threw me out. But don't worry. I'm going in and clean 'em all out. You stand here and count 'em."

In he went, and sure enough, in a minute the door burst open, and a figure cleared the steps without touching.

"One!" said the spectator, holding up an index.

"Hold on!" cried the prostrate one; "don't begin to count yet. This is only me again!"

MRS. BLANK knew that the girl was raw, but she had engaged her for that very reason, feeling that by careful instruction she might be able to develop Norah's latent possibilities into a fairly expert handling of the affairs in her dining-room. Taking her into the dining-room, she showed her in detail where everything was, from the salt-cellar to the fish-forks; initiated her into the mysteries of the china-closet, and otherwise gave her a pretty comprehensive first lesson in Domestic Economy.

"Now, at dinner, Norah," she went on, "we always begin with oysters on the shell. Mr. Blank is very fond of them."

"Yis, ma'am," said Norah, a gleam of intelligence lighting up her blue eyes. "And do I be after puttin' on th' noot-crackers wid 'em?"

"Noot-crackers?" demanded Mrs. Blank. "What for?"

"To break open th' isthers, ma'am," explained Norah. "Sure they do be harrd tings to crack wid yer teeth."

ONE of the foremen on a railroad has a keen Gaelic wit. One warm afternoon, while walking along the line, he found one of his men placidly sleeping on the embankment. The boss looked disgustedly at the delinquent for a full minute and then remarked:

"Slape on, you lazy spalpeen, slape on, fur as long as you slape you've got a job, but when you wake up you ain't got none."

LORD ROBERTS once promised to inspect the boys' brigade battalion in Glasgow, but at the last moment was prevented by illness. A local officer was secured to fill his place, and in selling tickets for the inspection it was thought only fair to let purchasers know that the distinguished field marshal would not be present.

One small brigade boy came up and asked for two tickets for his father and mother. The clerk said:

"Do your father and mother know that Lord Roberts is not to be present?"

The boy replied, with a look of self-confidence:

"It's no Lord Roberts they're comin' to see, it's me."

THERE was a thin and nervous woman, who could not sleep. She visited her physician, and the man said:

"Do you eat anything just before going to bed?"

"Oh, no, doctor," the patient replied.

"Well," said the physician, "just keep a pitcher of milk and some biscuit beside you, and every night, the last thing you do, make a light meal."

"But, doctor," cried the lady, "you told me on no account to eat anything before retiring."

"Pooh, pooh," said the doctor, "that was three months ago. Science has made enormous strides since then."

THE late Henry Miller, who was a guide, philosopher and friend to many book-lovers within a thousand miles of New York, was a most successful salesman. One day he called on Collis P. Huntington and showed him a rare copy of—

"There are two volumes of this," said Mr. Miller. "The other volume is in perfect order, as you see this one is. You cannot possibly let them escape you, for you know you have nothing like this in your library."

"What is the price?" asked the railroad king.

"Seven hundred dollars," said the bookman.

"Those are too valuable volumes for my library," Mr. Huntington exclaimed.

Mr. Miller went back to his place, and sent the books to Mr. Huntington's house with a bill for seven hundred dollars. Next day the railroad king sent him—

"Why did you send me those books?" he demanded, sharply.

"Because you bought them," was the bookman's calm reply.

"I certainly did not!" cried the millionaire.

"Oh, yes, you did," answered Mr. Miller. "You'll remember perfectly well when I tell you what you said. You told me distinctly, 'Those are two valuable volumes for my library.'"

AN official of the United States Department of Commerce and Labor, who had been directed by his chief to draw up a summary of the conclusions of certain distinguished authorities on engineering, met with disaster not long ago when he had occasion to refer to certain statements of Mr. A. R. Colquhoun, the British Engineer.

The official had been told that after Mr. Colquhoun's name there should be placed the letters "M. I. C. E." (Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers). "That's easy to remember," the official had said, adopting an easy method of mnemonics. "M. I. C. E." spells 'mice.'

This memory system was of little avail, however, for when the official handed in his summary the letters after Mr. Colquhoun's name were "R. A. T. S."

THEY tell a story in Ohio of the first alleged difference between Senator Foraker and Judge Taft. It is to the effect that Foraker, as Judge of the Superior Court in Cincinnati, was annoyed by an article which Taft, as a reporter for the Commercial Tribune, had written. Foraker, according to the story, sent word to the Commercial Tribune office to ask if Taft had written the article. Taft sent back word that he had, and Foraker, so the yarn goes, immediately hurried the messenger back with these words:

"If I had you here I'd slap your face!"

"Tell the Judge," Taft is said to have retorted to the messenger, "to remain where he is and I'll be there in a minute."

The fact of the matter is, though, that Senator Foraker says that the yarn is a pure fabrication and that no such incident ever occurred.

THE boatman had been angered by the asinine behavior of a young fellow among the party which he had taken for a sail. When the boat sprang a leak far out from the shore the boatman somewhat allayed the alarm of the rest of the party by serving out life belts, but he gave no belt to the would-be wit.

"Where's mine?" said the terrified youth.

"Don't you worry, my lad," said the boatman, with a vindictive smile. "You don't need no life belt. You'll never be drowned. A feller with an 'ead as 'oller as your'n can't sink. Nature's given you a nat'ral life-buoy."

ONE of Lord Carmarthen's future constituents once asked the youthful candidate his opinion upon some abstruse question of which he knew nothing.

"Let him alone!" cried another, derisively; "don't you see he's nothing but a baby?"

"What do you think?" reiterated his inquirer, heedless of the interruption and determined to have an answer.

"I think," said Lord Carmarthen, with ready wit, "that it is high time for all babies to be in bed"; and so saying gathered up his papers and disappeared from the platform.

Again—and this last anecdote is so well known as to have become well-nigh historical—at a crowded meeting just before his election, he was interrupted by the question:

"Does your mother know you're out?"

"Yes, she does," was the instant retort, "and by Tuesday night she will know I'm in."

His phrophecy proved correct and he headed the poll by a large majority.

A TRAVELLER in Texas says that he was riding along a cattle-trail near the New Mexico line, when he met a rather pompous looking native of the region, who introduced himself as Colonel Higgins of Devil's River.

"Were you a colonel in the Confederate army?" the traveller asked.

"No, sah."

"On the Union side, then?"

"No, sah; nevah was in no wah."

"Belong to the Texas Rangers?"

"No, sah; I do not."

"Ah, I see; you command one of the State militia regiments."

"No, sah; I don't. Don't know nothing about soldiering."

"Where, then, did you get the rank of colonel?"

"Tse a kunnel by marriage, sah."

"By marriage? How's that?"

"I married the widow of a kunnel, sah—Kunnel Thompson, of Waco."

SIXTY years ago, there were in the Long Room of the London custom-house twelve officers styled "cocket-writers"; they wrote certificates that goods had been duly entered and the duties paid. They were also known as patent officers, because appointed for life by letters-patent from the Crown. Their salaries were nominal, sixty pounds sterling a year, but they were permitted to remunerate themselves by extorting fees from the merchants—fees which, in some cases, amounted to a thousand pounds a year.

In 1831, the treasury determined to abolish patent officers, and called upon the twelve cocket-writers to furnish a statement of their emoluments. The officers, ignorant of the treasury's purpose, imagined that the government intended to impose an income-tax. Ten of the writers, therefore, returned a statement which understated their fees by several hundred pounds. The other two furnished an honest statement.

In a few days, ten clerks were surprised and disgusted and two clerks were astonished but pleased. The treasury notified the cocket-writers that their offices would be abolished, and that they would be compensated by pensions rated according to the returns they had themselves furnished.

There were gnashing of teeth and broad smiles in the Long Room. One of the two honest cocket-writers enjoyed his pension for fifty-two years, during which time the treasury paid him fifty-two thousand pounds.

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NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of SIX PER CENT. per annum upon the Paid Up Capital Stock of The Home Bank of Canada has been declared for the THREE MONTHS ending the 30th November 1908, and the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches of the Bank on and after Tuesday the First Day of December next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 15th to 30th of November, both days inclusive.

By Order of the Board,

JAMES MASON, GENERAL MANAGER.

Toronto, October 21st, 1908.

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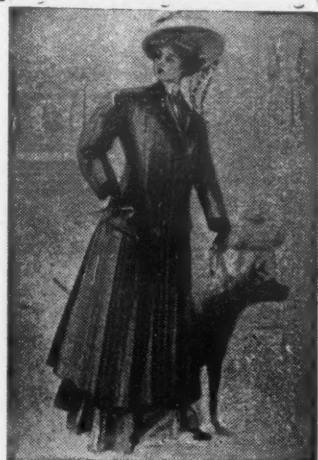
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TORONTO

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

MRS. BYRON E. WALKER, 99 St. George street, presented her daughter and niece to her friends at a large tea on Monday, which, like every social function given in the spacious and beautiful rooms of her artistic home, was enjoyed for many different reasons. Miss Dorothy Walker and her cousin are graceful young debutantes, whom to know is to love, their cordial unaffected manners and high personal charm confessing superior qualities both of heart and head. Mr. and Mrs. Walker, although holding a prominent position in Toronto society, have conserved a good part of their time for the quiet life of study and enjoyment of art, and have never been caught in the rush which leaves a certain blase mark upon its victims. The pretty debutantes and the married daughter of the house, Mrs. Carl Hunter, who assisted, have no doubt benefited by this atmosphere with a gentle graciousness which has no touch of the strenuous life. The many fine pictures turned the thoughts of the guests from the contemplation of chiffons, and it was too soon to leave, even at the last moment, for many an appreciative soul. Mrs. Walker and her debutantes received in the drawing-room, and the tea-table was set in the dining-room, made pretty with a basket of fine pink carnations and waited upon by a bevy of young girls, including several of this season's debutantes and a couple of pretty not-outs, Miss Denison of Heydon Villa and Miss Edna Reid. Some of the others assisting were Miss Adele Harman and Mrs. Guest. The charming Caldwell sisters, Miss Helen Warren, and Miss Marion Crompton were the debutantes, a quartette of most attractive girls.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Ridout have gone to England for a few weeks. Miss Muriel Ridout is taking charge of their house and little ones during their absence. They will be back for Christmas.

Miss Costigan is an attractive visitor in town, the guest of Miss Patti Warren, 55 Walmer road.

Captain Brown is home on leave from India, and will be with his sister at her home in Madison avenue until Christmas.

Mrs. Lizars Smith asked ten ladies to luncheon at the Club last Saturday to meet her sister, Miss Kathleen Lizars, who was in town on a short visit to Mrs. Allen Cassels in Wellesley place. The luncheon was admirably served in the private dining-room, and the guests were Mrs. James Plummer, Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Mrs. George Burnett, Mrs. Plumb, Mrs. Grayson Smith, Mrs. Kennin, Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mrs. Reginald Thomas, Mrs. George Macbeth, and Mrs. Denison.

Mrs. Cotton, 260 Spadina ave., will present her daughter, Marguerite, at a reception in her home on next Thursday afternoon.

Miss Gladys Parry, of 578 Spadina avenue, is visiting Mrs. Berkeley Powell in Ottawa.

On Sunday Government House presented a truly mournful appearance, every blind being down, bearing mute witness to the fact that Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark had left the house in which for nearly five and a half years they have so happily ruled. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Gibson have now taken up their residence in the gubernatorial mansion, and will shortly hold their first reception. Sir Mortimer, Lady Clark and the Misses Mortimer Clark have returned to their home in Wellington street west, which has been done over to receive them in handsome style.

The tea given by Mrs. T. Delamere for the presentation of her daughter, Miss Beatrice Delamere, to her friends was a crush of the most pronounced description, and would have been more emphatic had not many of the guests been of that modest sex which doffs the hat indoors, and wouldn't be allowed by the police to wear trailing skirts and rampant ospreys. The men turned out in numbers, boys of the old brigade, and "debutters" of this season, and right gallantly made their presence felt by the many ladies enjoying their attentions. Mrs. Delamere, in a quiet black gown, sparkling with jet, received at the door of the drawing-room, the debutante, looking radiantly pretty in a soft dainty Paris frock of very palest blue, was on her left, and had enough compliments and admiring looks to turn her head, had she not been a particularly sensible young lady. During the afternoon she sang several times most charmingly, and her step-sister, Miss Elsie Keefer, joined with her in a duet. The guests found a bright welcome in the dining-room from Mrs. E. H. Bickford and several young lady waitresses who hovered about a table daintily set and decorated with lily of the valley and pink roses. The many-branched silver candelabra which stood at either end of the table held candles shedding their soft and becoming radiance upon the scores of laughing young folks and their elders chatting *tete-a-tete*. A few of the guests were Major and Mrs. Napier Keefer, Mrs. James Robertson, Mr. Garrow, Mr. Mickle, Mrs. and Miss LeMesurier, Messrs. Robertson, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Professor and Mrs. Vandersmissen, Mrs. Jarvis, Mrs. Frank Fleming, Mrs. G. R. Cockburn, Mrs. and the Misses Rolph, Captain and Mrs. Capron Brooke, Lady Thompson, Colonel J. T. Delamere, Mrs. Joseph Macdougall, Mrs. Grasset, Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mr. Armour, Mr. Bickford, Mrs. John Kay, Miss Morris, Commander and Mrs. Law, Mrs. Hay, and hundreds of others. The debutante held a sheaf of exquisite roses.

Mrs. George Dickson, of St. Margaret's College, gave a reception and musical for the Woman's Musical Club and musical friends on Saturday afternoon, when a very large but somewhat tardy party of guests filled the big lecture hall of the new college to listen to an excellent programme, and afterwards enjoy a cup of tea and other refreshments in the class-room. Miss Cornelia Heintzman, a dashing pianist, opened with a Liszt selection, and Mr. Arthur Blight, Mr. Walter Robinson of New York, Mrs. Mackelcan sang for an hour in turn, delighting their hearers. Mr. Robinson came to town just for the day and returned to New York in the evening. Mrs. Dickson is president of the Woman's Musical Club, and made a charming hostess on Saturday, her gown of rich rose brocade being most becoming and her clever face beaming welcome to all. The vice-president, Mrs. Street, was the best of assistants, looking most kindly after everyone.

The University Gymnasium presented a charming appearance on Saturday evening last on the occasion of the second annual Hallowe'en dance, given under the auspices

of the Alumnae Association of University College. Some three hundred guests were welcomed by Mrs. A. C. McMaster, the president of the association, attired in a becoming Empire gown; Mrs. Campbell, the Dean of Queen's Hall, and Miss Salter. The dance being a "bal poudre," the coiffures were elaborate and varied, and many effective fancy costumes were worn. After the sixth dance came the event of the evening, the grand march and the dancing of some fifteen sets of lancers in fancy costumes, which had been arranged by the University women graduates and undergraduates. Among the prettiest costumes may be mentioned the four Dresden shepherdesses in blue, pink, mauve and yellow, with their swains in powdered hair and appropriately decorated suits. The Dutch set in blue and white was also effective, as well as the stately colonial and court sets. Many members of the Faculty with their wives were present, thus showing their approval of the object of the affair—the raising of funds for a much-needed women's residence. Much credit for the success of the evening is due to the untiring efforts of the Executive Committee of the Alumnae Association, composed of the following women graduates: Mrs. A. C. McMaster, Miss F. L. Sheridan, Mrs. W. Pakenham, Miss A. R. Riddell, Miss A. M. Gall, and Miss M. E. G. Waddell.

Mrs. and Miss Sheridan, of Avenue road, will be at home on Friday, November 13, and will receive throughout the season on the second Friday of each month.

Mrs. Tom Wood was at home for the first time since her return from abroad on Monday afternoon, in her newly-decorated and furnished home in Bloor street east. Mr. and Mrs. Wood having been out of town for a long time. Mrs. Wood wore a dainty blue gown and looked a very charming hostess on Monday. Friends were not backward in complimenting her upon the taste and beauty of her spacious home.

The papers are telling of the proposed grandeur and splendor which are to mark the nuptials of Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, second son of Lord Lansdowne, and Lady Violet Elliot, youngest daughter of the Viceroy of India, whose Canadian friends can scarcely realize that the fair little maiden has made her debut and such a fine match in what seems so short a time. January will see the finest wedding Calcutta has known, when Lady Violet becomes Lady Charles Lansdowne. There will be a second edition of the Durbar of spectacular memory, which blazed in 1902. Lord and Lady Lansdowne are going out for the wedding, with ever so many other grand folk. It is safe to say, however, that no more loving and loyal and hearty blessings will go to the sweet girl bride, than her Canadian friends send. I seem yet to hear her longing tone as she said, just before leaving England for India, "Oh! if it were only dear old Canada," and I am told that she has never changed since. Lady Minto and her daughters loved this Canada of ours, and we still keep a warm spot in our hearts for the charming four.

Mrs. J. C. Greig, of Seaforth, has been spending a few days with friends in the city, after a visit to her sister, Mrs. Philip H. Horton, of Port Hope.

Mrs. R. A. Smith and her niece, Miss Jean Milne, received hundreds of ladies at a most delightful tea on Tuesday, at 487 Huron street. Mrs. Smith wore a mouse grey gown of rich texture and some beautiful jewels, and Miss Milne, who is the brightest and most attractive of English girls, was in deep red with guimpe and sleeves of white shirred net. There was a crowd in the drawing-room at times, as might be expected, when Mrs. Mackelcan was singing in splendid voice, and her clever little sister, Miss Agnes Dunlop, playing her accompaniments. Then, between whiles, the crowd found a bonnie teatable, centered with huge yellow 'mums and decorated with other flowers in vases, and loaded with good things, as is the rule when Mrs. Smith entertains. The girls assisting were Miss Sinclair, the Misses Cross, Miss Mary Clark and Miss Gooderham, and very nice they looked in light frocks and pretty coiffures. Everybody seemed to be there in smartest attire, and there were cosy seats to be found in the fine billiard room and in the little balcony hall leading to it, for any who wanted a quiet corner, with small tables set with good things and flowers everywhere. Among the songs Mrs. Mackelcan sang was Marzials' setting of the Rosetti song, "My Love is Come," which the singer gave with the passion and verve it exacts, and roused quite a storm of applause thereby. Little Miss Ruth Smith, only daughter of the hostess, was a watchful little assistant hostess in a white frockie, whose pretty attentions half diverted her friends from missing Miss Margaret Thomson, who has always been such a good hostess at her sister's teas.

The deeply regretted death, from typhoid fever, of Mr. Robert Cassels, son of Mr. Hamilton Cassels, of Cecil street, has cast a gloom over his many friends, for he was a young man of such fine parts and so winning in disposition that he was everywhere most warmly esteemed. To his sorrowing parents, and other relatives, loving sympathy from friends and condolences from acquaintances have been most freely expressed.

The farewells to Miss Kathleen Gordon, who leaves next week for the South, are still going on, and the popular girl is guest of honor at by-by luncheons and teas without number. Only a six-months' absence, too!

The launching of the new boat at Collingwood will take place next Thursday and a party of friends are going up for the event. A luncheon will be given at Collingwood and the party will return betimes on Thursday evening.

Among the teas to be given for girls making their debut this month is one for Miss Ritchie, 141 Avenue road, on next Wednesday. A dance is to be given for Miss Muriel Strathy at McConkey's on November 26.

The debutantes' luncheon will be given on November 26, at McConkey's, and about fifty young girls will then meet for this annual function, which has grown in the last few years to large proportions. Each day some new bud is added to the list, and without making comparisons it really looks as if this year will take the palm for beauty as well as numbers.

Mrs. Murray, Brunswick avenue, is giving a tea next Tuesday afternoon. Miss Lorna Murray, who came out last year, will be assistant hostess.

ALBERT WILLIAMS RESTAURANT

179 Yonge St. TORONTO.



An Ideal Cafe for a Light Lunch or Afternoon Teas. Excellent Appointments for Banquets and Assemblies of all kinds.

LADIES' PRIVATE CAFE, GRILL ROOM, LOUIS XIV. BANQUET HALL.

LAWN BOWLERS

Now that the season is over, and you have enjoyed the pleasure and exercise of the game, start in by taking Cook's Turkish and Russian Baths, they will keep the skin active and keep you in good shape all winter, you will then feel fine to commence the game next spring.

If you have not tried them do so at once, you don't know what enjoyment you have missed.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

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Tag Day! Warning!

The citizens of Toronto, men, women and children, are warned to carry plenty of money in their pockets on Tag Day, SATURDAY, NOV. 14th.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN GUILD

FOR YOUR COMFORT'S SAKE

Keep on your dressing table, where it's handy, a bottle of

CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM

It relieves at once, and quickly cures the itching, burning sensations that follow exposure to sun, frost, raw winds and dry, dusty air. Makes and keeps the skin soft and velvety.

25c at your druggists—35c by mail
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PERRIN GLOVES

Style—Fit—Durability

Best for all special and ordinary occasions—for outdoor or indoor wear.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Wife and Children Left Penniless

Safeguard them against this terrifying contingency with our Life Rate Endowment.

Same rate as ordinary pay-till-death policy, with this difference—after you reach a certain age policy can be cashed for full death-claim value. Booklet if interested.

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GOOD AS GOLD



BREDIN'S HOME-MADE BREAD

Get the Bredin's bread habit. It's a habit well worth your while contracting.

Commence with a loaf of Bredin's home-made bread. "The quality goes in before the name goes on."

5 cents, at your grocer's, or direct from Bredin's bakeshops, 160 - 164 Avenue road, Phone North 133.



Good shoes cost money. Men who are willing to pay a little more than they do for ordinary shoes buy Stetsons and enjoy shoe freedom.

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For Constipation, or tightness of the bowels, the simplest—safest—most agreeable remedy to cure the trouble—no griping or after effects—is unquestionably

Abbey's Effervescent Salt
25c. and 60c. At all dealers.

FEARMAN'S
STAR BRAND
BACON
Is the Best Bacon

FORD'S
MARSHMALLOWS

Startle the palate with their quality and richness—plain, chocolate coated and Scotch Kisses. Good from centre to covering—fresh every day.

Specials for Thanksgiving Day
Nut Cream Kisses, Satinets, Grape Bonbons, Strawberry Bars and Barley Sugar.

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(B. H. Hopkins) UNDERTAKERS
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SOCIETY

NO less than five mothers are bringing out a pair of daughters each this year, following the fashion set by Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto, who brought out her two elder daughters, then the two middle ones, but whose youngest child, this year's debutante, comes out alone, as her next sister, Miss Katherine, now Mrs. W. Beardmore, did last season.

Mrs. J. A. M. Alley has her sister, Miss Marshall, of Orangeville, on a visit. Last Saturday (Hallowe'en) was the anniversary of Mr. Alley's birth, and a surprise was sprung on him by his lovely little wife, who had asked a lot of musical friends in to celebrate the occasion. The cosy home in Madison avenue was a bright rendezvous, and the birthday good wishes to Mr. Alley were many and sincere. A delightful evening, with good music

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

BIRTHS

MARTIN—At Victoria, B.C., Nov. 2, 1908, the wife of Alexis Martin, of a son. DAWSON—At Calgary, Alta., Oct. 28, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. M. Dawson, a daughter. SNELOROVE—At 105 Carlton St., Toronto, Nov. 3, 1908, to Dr. and Mrs. Snelgrove, a daughter. BOONE—At 170 Crescent Road, Toronto, Oct. 31, to Captain and Mrs. C. A. Boone, a son.

MARRIAGES

CORSTON—MACDIARMID—At Fenlon Falls, Nov. 4, by the Rev. James Fraser, Frances Baldwin, fifth daughter of Mrs. F. B. MacDiarmid, to James Robert Corston, M.D., of Halifax, N.S. TANDY—HAIGHT—At Trinity Church, Parry Sound, Oct. 28, by Rev. Mr. Chilcott, M.A., Gertrude Louise, daughter of Mr. Walter Lockwood Haight, barrister, Parry Sound, to Dr. J. Herbert Tandy, B.A., of Parry Sound, son of the late Mr. Wm. Tandy, of Kingston. BOYD—MARSHALL—At Chicago, Ill., Oct. 29, 1908, Clara F., daughter of Mr. Charles H. Marshall, to David G. Boyd, son of the Hon. Sir John A. Boyd, K.C., M.G. HOUSSEY—GRAHAM—At the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, Nov. 4, 1908, by Rev. Dr. Cleaver, Lucile Elliot, daughter of the late Dr. J. E. Graham, of Toronto, to Harry B. Houssey, of Ottawa, son of J. H. Houssey, Esq., of Toronto. USBORNE—COWDRY—At St. Luke's Church, Toronto, Nov. 3, 1908, by Rev. A. G. Hamilton Dicker, rector, and Rev. C. A. Sadler, of Temuca, Chilli, S.A., Marjorie Graham, daughter of Mr. Edmund Cowdry, of Toronto, to Claude Harrington Osborne, Vancouver, B.C., son of Rev. Canon Osborne, of Honolulu, Hawaii.

DEATHS

KEYS—At Grace Hospital, Toronto, Nov. 1, 1908, Jessie Margaret, widow of the Rev. George Keys, of Orangeville, and daughter of the late Rev. Francis Evans, D.C.L., rector of Woodhouse, Ont. McLEAN—At "Dalcrombie," near Wilmamstown, Glengarry, Neil McLean, Official Referee of Osgoode Hall, Toronto, son of the late Col. Alexander McLean, of Cornwall, Ont. CASSELL—In Toronto, Nov. 2, 1908, Robert Baldwin, son of Hamilton Cassels, K.C., in his 19th year. MCGREGOR—In Toronto, Nov. 3, 1908, Rev. M. McGregor, editor of the Presbyterian, in his 56th year.

and lots of Hallowe'en fun, was enjoyed by everyone.

Mr. and Mrs. Ransom, who are on a tour round the world, were at the Queen's until Thursday, when they left for Japan.

Mrs. J. L. Bray gave a bridge and tea on Thursday afternoon at her home in Avenue road.

Mrs. Hector Lamont is in Chatham for a visit with her elder daughter, Miss Millie Lamont, who is convalescing from an attack of typhoid.

Miss Mary Gzowski is visiting her sister, Mrs. Frederick Beardmore, in Montreal.

Miss Charlotte Chaplin, of St. Catharines, was in town for a short visit last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Harty, of Kingston, have returned from their wedding trip and spent a few days last week with Mrs. Harty's parents at Rathnelly. Mrs. Kerr and her daughters three had many visitors on Friday and the young bride looked her prettiest in a pale pink gown, with a knot of violet on the bodice. Mr. and Mrs. Harty left for Kingston next day.

Mr. and Mrs. Weston Brock have gone South for some time.

Mrs. and Miss Gretchen Dunstan are out of town for a short visit. They are en pension since their return from England at 428 Jarvis street.

Mrs. Cattanch, who has been in England for a long visit, returned home on the Kensington, which boat was detained for days by fog on the St. Lawrence, but reached Quebec on Tuesday.

Mrs. Murray, 74 Brunswick avenue, is giving a young people's tea next Tuesday. Mrs. Ross Robertson gave a small tea on Wednesday. Mrs. Sterling Dean gave a tealet on Wednesday. Miss Blaikie gave a young folk's tea on Tuesday, and Miss Blackstock gave one yesterday.

Miss Lily Crossley, of Macpherson avenue, who has been vocal teacher at Alma College, St. Thomas, for the past two years, has resigned and gone to New York to continue her studies.

Mrs. Alexander Davidson is giving a tea on Nov. 14.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D'Espard have taken up house in the Hirschfelder home, 10 Maple avenue, where that delightful old man, the late Professor Hirschfelder, grandfather of Mrs. D'Espard, and his kindly wife so loved to welcome their friends. Thursday evening, twenty years and more ago used to see a congenial gathering of old friends, in the long drawing-room, and the shrill cry of the vet-

eran parrot, the wonderful bloom in the little conservatory, in which the professor took such pride, and the quaint old china and silver at supper time were in the minds of some of Mrs. D'Espard's friends, who called on her last Monday in a transformed and spic and span edition of the old home. I saw several turn instinctively to the right on entering, to find themselves directed to the left instead, a sunny little drawing-room being in the stead of the long, low parlor with its antique furniture and many quaint treasures. And so the old order passeth away!

Mrs. Banks nee Fuller, one of last month's brides, received with her mother at 65 South Drive on Monday and Tuesday afternoons. Her sisters, Mrs. Newman and Mrs. Gay, took care of the hundred and fifty visitors in the tea-room. The bride was in her lustrous satin wedding gown with rare lace, and her happy face assured the guests that their good wishes at the wedding had all come true. Mr. and Mrs. Banks have decided to make their home with Mrs. Fuller to her great satisfaction.

Mrs. James Tower Boyd is giving a reception Saturday, Nov. 14, at 121 Bedford road, to present her daughter.

Mrs. Edward Fisher, 11 Bedford road, is giving a tea next Thursday. Miss Caldwell, her niece, will assist.

Miss Laura Durand, of Huron street, who has had Miss Florence Deacon staying with her, gave a musicale on Tuesday evening in honor of her guest. Miss Durand received in white crepe de chine with Greek key design in gold. Miss Deacon wore a very charming pale blue crepe with Irish lace on the bodice, and during the evening sang most delightfully. Softly shaded lights and golden chrysanthemums and dainty refreshments made the spacious rooms look very attractive and the evening was delightfully informal and most enjoyable.

"Surrey Lodge," the home of generous hospitality, was the scene on Tuesday afternoon of another function worthy of the big house, when Mrs. William G. Jaffray received her many friends. The beautiful rooms were effectively decorated with golden "mums," while an orchestra was stationed in the conservatory. Mrs. Robert Jaffray, who has recently come from China, and is staying with her husband's people, received with Mrs. Jaffray, also Mrs. F. A. Ackland, of Ottawa, whose many old friends were delighted to welcome her back, if only for a short visit. Mrs. Jaffray wore a most becoming ivory satin gown veiled in net and lace, with modish touches of silver fringe on the bodice; Mrs. Ackland a delicate grey crepe de chine embroidered in heavy grey silk with lace guimpe; while Mrs. Robert Jaffray wore a white Oriental silk, inserted with lace and draped sash. Mrs. Eaton, of Owen Sound, a daughter of the house came down for the occasion and appeared in a very handsome opal silk with beautiful lace on the corsage. In the tea room Mrs. King and Mrs. Rolph were in charge, with Miss Jaffray, Miss Gibson, Miss Woods, Miss Rolph and Miss J. Smith as assistants. Killarney roses and lilies of the valley arranged in silver vases, gave a charming effect to the table, which was all of an exquisite pink glow.

Miss Ondine Pangman is spending the winter in Edmonton with her aunt, Mrs. Bouchier, and will be one of the season's debutantes.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. MacKinnon are again in their home, 432 Avenue road where Mrs. MacKinnon received on the 5th and 6th.

Miss Olive Perry left on Friday last to visit friends in the Northwest.

Mrs. William H. Doherty (nee Wolfe) and Mrs. Frederic J. Wolfe (nee Logan) will hold their post-nuptial reception on the afternoon of Friday, November 13, at the residence of the former, 60 Prince Arthur avenue.

THERE is a certain business man, of a rather waggish disposition, who contends that his wife has no imagination.

At dinner one night he chanced to mention a tragic circumstance he had read in the evening paper on his way home. A passenger on a transatlantic steamer had fallen overboard in mid-ocean and had never been seen again.

"Was he drowned?" asked the wife.

"Of course not," answered the irrepressible hubby; "but he sprained his ankle, I believe."

The Phoenix Muffler



The Latest Muffler Novelty

In introducing the "PHOENIX" Muffler, we wish to emphasize two features, which place it beyond all other throat protectors:

—1. Comfort.

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Knit from silk-finished yarns of selected Australian Wool, and so fashioned as to set snug about the neck, the "PHOENIX" is an absolutely perfect protection against all kinds of weather. For the Carriage or the Automobile it is without an equal.

While intended primarily as a protection for ladies when driving or motoring, the "PHOENIX," unlike most mufflers, has an attractive appearance. We can supply it in all colors, to match any costume. It has a "dome" fastener, and comes in all sizes.

Easily adjusted, handsome in appearance, exceedingly comfortable, the "PHOENIX" may well be considered a smart out-of-door necessity.



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The Gillette Safety Razor Company has brought out a New Blade, Keener and More Durable than any Razor Edge Ever Before Produced.

THE ACME OF SHAVING LUXURY

This "New Process" Blade is the result of over four years of careful study and experimentation.

The blade is superfine steel, now made after our own secret formula, and is the only steel made that will take the superlatively keen edge given "New Process" Blades.

The steel is rolled to the thinness of paper—made flexible—and stamped into blades.

The blades are then subjected to our new tempering process, which renders the steel so hard that it will cut glass.

Automatically regulated machines sharpen both edges on every blade with powerful pressure and unswerving precision, producing a shaving edge keener and more durable than any other razor edge ever before produced.

No matter how satisfactory the "GILLETTE"

has been, you will find that the "New Process" Blade—because of its greater keenness and durability—will give you a more delightful shave and a greater number of them than ever before.

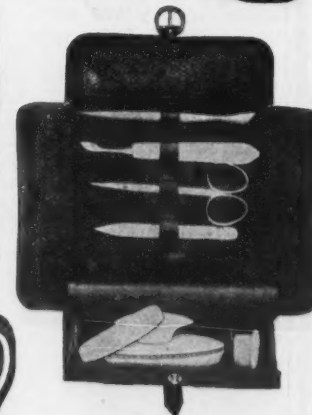
"New Process" Blades are sold in nickel plated boxes, absolutely damp-proof, which hermetically seal themselves every time they are closed. This box, when empty, makes a handsome waterproof match case. Twelve "New Process" Blades (24 razor edges) are packed in each box. Price, \$1.

If you have been using some other shaving device or have the "barber shop habit," adopt the "GILLETTE" and learn the quick, easy, comfortable way of shaving yourself, no stropping, no honing.

Gillette Safety Razor sets and 12 "New Process" Blades from \$5 up. At all Jewelry, Drug, Cutlery, Hardware, Sporting Goods and Department Stores.

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Gillette Safety Razor
NO STROPPING NO HONING



Manicure Cases for the Traveler

We have just completed a new case that is very compact, and takes up very little space in the bag.

Unlike most Manicure Sets, the articles are of the very finest quality. The case is of Real Morocco in Black or Brown.

TWO SIZES—PRICES \$4.50 AND \$5.00

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LEATHER GOODS CO. LIMITED

105 King St. West, Toronto.

Society at the Capital

TEAS galore have been on the social programme of the past month, and more especially has this been the case during the past week, but the really festive season will commence on the night of Thanksgiving Day, when Mrs. T. Ahearn is giving a large ball in the Racquet Court for her daughter, Miss Lilia Ahearn, which promises to be exceptionally brilliant. As usual with the first big dance of the season, all the young people are eagerly looking forward to it, especially the small army of pretty girls who will, on that occasion, make their initial bow to society, Miss Ahearn herself being among the prettiest of the group.

A SUCCESSION of most delightful teas, sometimes three or four deep on an afternoon, formed the principal events on last week's programme. The most charming of hostesses, Mrs. Charles Hamilton, wife of the Bishop of Ottawa, contributed two of the most enjoyable of these gatherings, her list of friends being too large to comfortably include them all in one entertainment.

On Tuesday, at the first tea, the hostess, who was a perfect picture in pale grey silk with touches of black velvet and point lace, was assisted in receiving by her daughter, Miss Mary Hamilton, who wore white silk, and her English guest, Miss Orr, in pale grey *crepe de chine*, the latter also assisting Mrs. J. F. Crowley at the tea-table, where pink and white 'mums and carnations made a pretty and fragrant decoration.

On Wednesday, the day of Mrs. Hamilton's second reception, the guests had the additional pleasure of having among them His Lordship, the Bishop, who is beloved by everyone who knows him. Mrs. Travers Lewis and Mrs. Barrett Dewar did duty in the dining-room and had an able and attractive group of assistants in Miss Otilie Fellowes, Miss Norah Lewis, Miss Claudia Bate and Miss Phoebe Read.

WEDNESDAY was a day of teas, and among the hostesses who chose it was Mrs. D. M. Finnie, to introduce her daughter, Miss Gladys Finnie. All the guests were young people, and six of this year's debutantes, Miss Marjorie Monk, Miss Lilia Ahearn, Miss Gladys Moore, Miss Margaret Fitzpatrick, Miss Marion Macdougall and Miss Marion Morris, assisted Mrs. Leslie Finnie and Miss Morna Bate, who were kept very busy all afternoon at the tea and coffee urns. Pink roses, lily of the valley and maiden-hair ferns made a particularly dainty decoration on the table and in the various rooms. Miss Finnie was prettily gowned in white silk with touches of pale blue, and Mrs. Finnie wore an exceedingly becoming costume of white net over violet silk with velvet trimmings of the same shade.

HER Excellency Lady Grey, accompanied by Lady Evelyn Grey, arrived at Government House on Saturday, having come over on the Victorian, which reached Quebec on Friday.

Several distinguished guests have made short visits at Government House during the week, among them being Lord Milner, in whose honor His Excellency gave a small dinner on Thursday, to which were invited the Rt. Hon. Sir Richard Cartwright, Sir Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., Sir John Hanbury Williams, Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux and Mr. Arthur Sladen. Others were Lord and Lady Northcliffe, Mrs. Douglas Pennant and Mr. Bute, who spent a day in the Capital, leaving in the evening for Toronto. Mr. and Miss Wrench,

Mr. and Mrs. Williams and Commander Madegie, English visitors, comprised another party, and at present Sir Rennell Rodd, British Ambassador at Rome, and Lady Rodd, who are travelling in Canada, are spending several days at the viceregal residence.

MRS. W. W. EDGAR'S tea on the same day was given in special honor of her sisters-in-law, the Misses Beatrice and Marjorie Edgar, of Toronto, the former of whom is her guest, the latter, together with her mother, Lady Edgar, being the guest of Lady Laurier. Clusters of pale pink carnations adorned the tea-table, where Mrs. McIvor poured tea and had as assistants Miss Marjorie Macpherson, the Misses McIvor and Miss Penelope Davis, the latter of whom also sang sweetly two or three times during the afternoon. Mrs. Edgar was becomingly gowned in dark blue silk with Irish lace on the bodice. Miss Beatrice Edgar was in white silk with green ribbon trimmings, and Miss Marjorie Edgar wore pale blue *crepe de chine*.

MADAME BELCOURT, on Thursday, entertained at the tea-hour in honor of her visitor, Miss Hoerner, of Saranac, N.Y., who was beautifully gowned in cream lace over satin fashioned in Empire effect. Mrs. Godfrey Greene, Jr., Miss McIntyre and the hostesses two pretty sisters, the Misses Kitty and Aimee Haycock, saw that the guests were all provided with tea and the variety of dainty confections which were on hand.

MRS. ALEX. CHRISTIE chose bridge as an entertainment for about thirty of her friends on Thursday afternoon, when Mrs. John Pugsley, Mrs. Wilson Southam, Mrs. Charles Read and Miss Sparks came off victorious and were presented with pretty prizes. On the conclusion of the game a chat over the tea-cups was much enjoyed and Mrs. Fred Powell and Miss Sparks poured tea and coffee.

MRS. GILBERT FAUQUIER was another bridge hostess of the latter part of the week, and on Saturday gave a small and very enjoyable party devoted to the game, in honor of her guest and sister-in-law, Mrs. Frank Arnoldi, of Toronto.

MR. and Mrs. Phillip Toller spent several days in town with Col. and Mrs. Toller, on their return from their honeymoon and before leaving for their home in Toronto. During their short stay in the Capital they were the causes d'être of several bright little gatherings. Mrs. Godfrey Greene, Mr. Toller's sister, entertained at dinner for them on Friday; Miss Ida Hughes gave a tea on the same day in their honor, and Mrs. Bruce also invited several guests to meet them at the tea-hour on Saturday.

THE CHAPERONE.
Ottawa, Nov. 2, 1908.

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The Honorary Governors who will visit Toronto General Hospital during the coming week are Sir William Mortimer Clark and D. R. Wilkie, Esq.

Books and Authors

Notes Regarding Recent and Forthcoming Publications of Interest to Canadian Readers, and Gossip Concerning Literary People.

BOOTH TARKINGTON'S latest novel, "The Guest of Quesnay," has just been issued by the Musson Book Company, Limited, Toronto. The plot is based on an idea that cannot be said to be either very original or very probable; but the story is distinctly good, and very engagingly told. Probably the most effective way of unfolding a story is to let one of the characters assume the role of narrator, and Mr. Tarkington has adopted this method in the present instance. An artist is made to tell the tale. He is a landscape painter, living and working in and about Paris, a likable, somewhat rare type of American. He is cultivated, unprovincial, and just successful enough to be a good-tempered and fair-minded observer. Most of the other characters vital to the story are also Americans, and they all eventually appear with dramatic result in the neighborhood of the little Normandy inn, where he goes to be quiet and to do some sketching.

At the beginning we are given a glimpse of Larrabee Harman, a wealthy young American degenerate, who has married a pretty and remarkable woman, a cousin of the narrator's friend, George Ward, who was himself her suitor. Harman disgraces his wife, goes from debauch to debauch, and at the time the story opens, has fallen into the clutches of a Spanish dancer as infamous as himself. These two odious persons meet with frightful injury in an automobile accident, and are forgotten for a time. Just as Ward thinks he is about to win Mrs. Harman her husband makes a very dramatic appearance, the manner of which had best be left to the reader. Suffice it to say that the story ends as one would have it end. And not the least agreeable feature of its conclusion is the fact that the likable artist who narrates the tale and makes himself somewhat of a bystander, is not left lonely and forgotten by all the other actors as the curtain falls. He has a pretty love affair of his own in his quiet way, for which the reader feels glad.

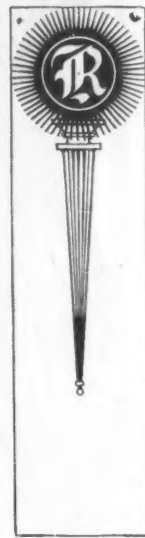
"The Guest of Quesnay" is written in Booth Tarkington's best style. The pictures he gives of certain types of Americans and some "Amurricans" are excellent, and the story is absorbing. Few more delightfully readable novels have been published—or will be published—during the present book season.

"Peter: a Novel of Which he is not the Hero," by F. Hopkinson Smith, is an interesting little story just published by McLeod & Allen, Toronto. It is a modern story of romance, love and adventure, and will be widely read.

Readers and collectors of poetry, and students of the art of versification, will be interested in a volume of sonnets entitled "The Wounded Eros," by Charles Gibson, of Boston, printed at the Riverside Press, Cambridge, and published by the author. The edition is limited to 500 copies, handsomely bound in cloth (\$2.50 net). A lucid introduction by William Stanley Braithwaite adds value to the work. The sonnets are all individually complete, but they have sequence, and collectively they tell a story of passion, or rather, they form, to quote from the introduction, "the record of a passion which makes one more of those stories of the heart written by the poets who have joined the company of Sir Philip Sidney." The sonnet is associated in most minds with stilted, somewhat meaningless, if scholarly, poetic expression. It is a verse-form of many limitations; but it is a poetic

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institution, and, as Mr. Braithwaite says, "there is never any question of the merits or demerits of a poet's sonnets." As to Mr. Gibson's, they are rarely good, and all the copies of the limited edition of "The Wounded Eros," ought to be eagerly sought for and treasured by lovers of poetry.

A very handsome volume, finely printed and lavishly illustrated, entitled, "The Quebec Tercentenary Commemorative History," has been published by the Quebec Daily Telegraph. The volume has been compiled and edited by Frank Carrel, editor and publisher of The Telegraph, and Louis Feiczewicz, B.A., and revised by E. T. D. Chambers, a well-known Quebec journalist; and contains an introduction by A. G. Doughty, Dominion Archivist and author of "The Battle of the Plains of Abraham," "Quebec Under Two Flags," etc. Accompanying an edition de luxe are colored plates of Champlain, Wolfe, Montcalm, and General Montgomery. The volume is a complete record of the Tercentenary celebration, from the time when it was first suggested to the conclusion of the last of the various fetes. It gives due credit to all who first suggested the celebration and all who aided Earl Grey in making it an event of world interest. Those who were in Quebec during Tercentenary week ought to secure copies of this interesting and

really beautiful publication, for it is something more than a mere souvenir. And to those who did not attend, the work is of even more value. It will be on sale at bookstores, or may be obtained direct from the Daily Telegraph, Quebec City.

Thomas Pownall, M.P., F.R.S., Governor of Massachusetts Bay, author of the Letters of Junius, with a supplement, comparing the colonies of King George III. and Edward VII., by Charles A. W. Pownall, is the title of a new book announced by Henry Stevens, Son & Stiles, London, at 15s. net. Thomas Pownall, after serving as a colonial governor became an important figure in Parliament, and the author asserts that in this volume he establishes Pownall as the writer of the Junius letters, "which he employed Philip Francis to write from his drafts or dictation." We are told that this matter is cleared up after nearly a century and a half of doubt. But it is probable that the critics will give the author an argument.

It is said that the Nobel prize for literature will this year go to Algeron Charles Swinburne. If recognition is given in this form to the finest English poet of the day, every discriminating reader in the British Empire will surely rejoice. Even in American literary circles, one is per-

sued, the awarding of this honor to Mr. Swinburne, in his seventy-first year, would arouse, not jealousy, but very general satisfaction. Indeed, The Argonaut, of San Francisco, discussing the report from Stockholm, says:

"Such a distinction will certainly be received with applause by all English-speaking people. At a time when literature is singularly poor in great figures, Mr. Swinburne's workman-ship is of an order that would have placed him in the front rank at any previous age or among any group of poets that the world has ever known. If this distinction should, indeed, come to Mr. Swinburne, it will not be without an element of rebuke to the English Government, which, in the matter of the laureateship, deliberately passed over the greatest living poet, because of his former political views and gave the meaningless laurels to an inferior."

The Macmillan Company announces that "Helianthus," the long awaited novel by Ouida, which was first promised some years ago, is to be published next month. Nearly all of the story had been put in type before the author's death, and the proofs had been corrected by her.

When a woman is kissed against her will, she is a receiver of stolen goods.—Life.

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The Quest of Soapy.

(Continued from Page 9.)

you'll blow me to a pail of suds. I'd have spoke to you sooner, but the cop was watching."

With the young woman playing the clinging ivy to his oak Soapy walked past the policeman overcome with gloom. He seemed doomed to liberty.

At the next corner he shook off his companion and ran. He halted in the district where by night are found the lightest streets, hearts, vows and librettos. Women in furs and men in great coats moved gaily in the wintry air. A sudden fear seized Soapy that some dreadful enchantment had rendered him immune to arrest. The thought brought a little of panic upon it, and when he came upon another policeman lounging grandly in front of a translucent theatre he caught at the immediate straw of "disorderly conduct."

On the sidewalk Soapy began to yell drunken gibberish at the top of his harsh voice. He danced, howled, raved and otherwise disturbed the welkin.

The policeman twirled his club, turned his back to Soapy and remarked to a citizen:

"Tis one of them Yale lads celebratin' the goose egg they give to the Hartford College. Noisy, but no harm. We've instructions to leave them be."

Disconsolate, Soapy ceased his unavailing racket. Would never a po-

liceman lay hands on him? In his fancy the Island seemed an unattainable Arcadia. He buttoned his thin coat against the chilling wind.

In a cigar store he saw a well-dressed man lighting a cigar at a swinging light. His silk umbrella he had set by the door on entering. Soapy stepped inside, secured the umbrella and sauntered off with it slowly. The man at the cigar light followed hastily.

"My umbrella!" he said, sternly. "Oh, is it?" sneered Soapy, adding insult to petit larceny. "Well, why don't you call a policeman? I took it. Your umbrella! Why don't you call a cop? There stands one on the corner."

The umbrella owner slowed his steps. Soapy did likewise, with a presentiment that luck would again run against him. The policeman looked at the two curiously.

"Of course," said the umbrella man—"that is—well, you know how these mistakes occur—I—if it's your umbrella I hope you'll excuse me—I picked it up this morning in a restaurant—If you recognize it as yours, why—I hope you'll—"

"Of course it's mine," said Soapy, viciously.

The ex-umbrella man retreated. The policeman hurried to assist a tall blonde in an opera cloak across the street in front of a street car that was approaching two blocks away.

Soapy walked eastward through a street damaged by improvements. He hurled the umbrella wrathfully into

an excavation. He muttered against the men who wear helmets and carry clubs. Because he wanted to fall into their clutches they seemed to regard him as a king who could do no wrong.

At length Soapy reached one of the avenues to the east where the glitter and turmoil was but faint. He set his face down this toward Madison Square, for the homing instinct survives even when the home is a park bench.

But on an unusually quiet corner Soapy came to a standstill. Here was an old church, quaint and rambling and gabled. Through one violet-stained window a soft light glowed, where, no doubt, the organist loitered over the keys, making sure of his mastery of the coming Sabbath anthem. For there drifted out to Soapy's ears sweet music that caught and held him transfixed against the convolutions of the iron fence.

The moon was above, lustrous and serene; vehicles and pedestrians were few; sparrows twittered sleepily in the eaves—for a little while the scene might have been a country churchyard. And the anthem that the organist played cemented Soapy to the iron fence, for he had known it well in the days when his life contained such things as mothers and roses and ambitions and friends and immaculate thoughts and collars.

The conjunction of Soapy's receptive state of mind and the influences about the old church wrought a sudden and wonderful change in his soul. He viewed with a swift horror the pit into which he had tumbled, the degraded days, unworthy desires, dead hopes, wrecked faculties and base motives that made up his existence.

And also in a moment his heart responded thrillingly to this novel mood. An instantaneous and strong impulse moved him to battle with his desperate fate. He would pull himself out of the mire; he would make a man of himself again; he would conquer the evil that had taken possession of him. There was time; he was comparatively young yet; he would resurrect his old eager ambitions and pursue them without faltering. Those solemn but sweet organ notes had set up a revolution in him. To-morrow he would go into the roaring downtown district and find work. A fur importer had once offered him a place as driver. He would find him to-morrow and ask for the position. He would be somebody in the world. He would—

Soapy felt a hand laid on his arm. He looked quickly around into the broad face of a policeman.

"What are you doin' here?" asked the officer.

"Nothin'," said Soapy.

"Then come along," said the policeman.

"Three months on the Island," said the magistrate in the police court the next morning.

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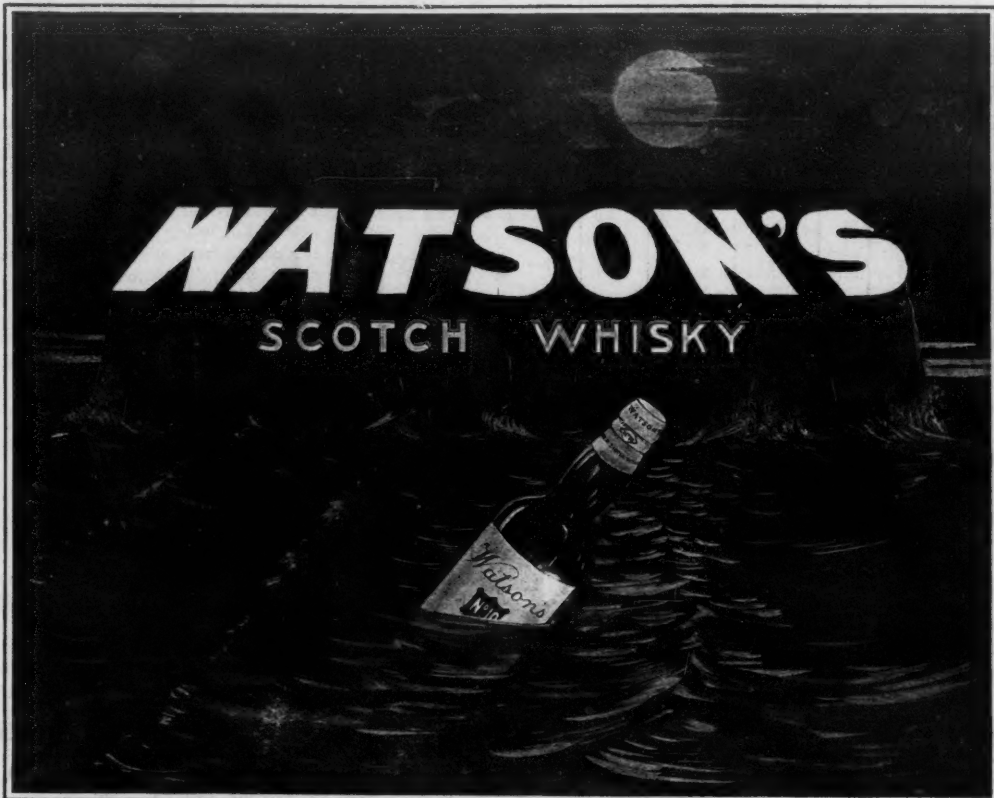


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On Monday evening, November 9, will be held the Annual Thanksgiving Concert of Central Methodist church, under the direction of the organist, Dr. Humphrey Anger. Among the artists who will take part

are Miss Grace Merry, elocutionist, and Miss Enid Newcombe, violinist, besides the church quartette and choir. Those who have heard the splendid quartette of Central Methodist church will consider this inducement to attend. Miss Newcombe is a comparatively recent addition to the ranks of Toronto musicians and a most talented cellist. Miss Merry is well known to Toronto concert-goers as an exceptionally clever elocutionist. Altogether a rich treat may be expected by those who attend the concert on Monday evening.

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